NEW SERIES. No. 15.

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

OCTOBER 1st, 1813.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

We regret that hitherto we have been able to pay so little attention to Ireland. But other concerns have been too engrossing to allow us to fix on that land of saints the eye which was scarcely active and wide enough for our own land of sinners. Till lately too, there was too much of similarity in the productions of both to allow seriously of lucubrating on one after we had lavished our feelings on the other. If Ireland had her mob orators, so had England! if Fishamble Street was the very vortex of absurd politics, muddy conceptions, and murdered prose, Palace Yard was scarcely to be put behind it, without a partiality which might have made even a native of the sister isle blush; if Ireland had her rebels, of these too the novelty is worn off here; if those hasty patriots of Ireland who thought that the days of "meum and tuum" were on the eve of being exchanged for a glorious com-

munity of rights, have been deported to other regions, and since exhibited themselves as the heroes of the Yankee war, the Barringtons and Semples of England have been consigned to the liberties of Port Jackson, and are now working up a little navy of their own, and teaching piracy to the savages of Owyhee, the few discrepancies were not sufficiently prominent to draw us off the vision at home, and contempt and ridicule would have found nothing but weary sameness in that miry succession of dull absurdities and nameless vilenesses, which, under the auspices of the *Regenerators*, have overspread the natural face of Ireland. Yet to some it may appear different; probably it did so to the hero of Piccadilly, who, in despite of his humility, lately displayed himself at Thomastown. When Napoleon, once too the hero of Republicanism, has made a failure, and, after leaving a few hundreds of thousands of his fellow ruffians behind him, where they will sin no more at least in this world, finds himself at last where he may draw his breath without the sight of a Cossack, his first operation is to assure his faithful and admiring subjects that he is in good health and spirits, thereby giving them at once a noble counterbalance for the perished murderers, and comfortable hopes of many another campaign of the same nature. But when the universal delight which this is calculated to inspire has faded, or when those despairing sceptics, who see their fire-sides desolate, and never hear the wind beat against their shutters without thinking of Smolensko, have ventured to doubt, that any Russian living can be in spirits after such things, other expedients must be found, and the established resource is a journey through the provinces; here he puts himself in train to receive compliments and caresses, flattery and high feeding, and scatters promises with the most imperial liberality. Of

money, knowing its tendency to corrupt, he is not less cautious than Sir Francis himself, though, to secure objects of decided public advantage, such is the election to a throne or to a nobler elevation, as poor Cobbett used to say of Middlesex, both can be liberal to a degree that might startle less patriotic morality. There this mighty Hunter exhibits all the graceful familiarities of his nature; courses and shoots, says fine things to the few virgins of the place, waltzes with the mayor's daughters, kneels at church without a genuflexion towards Mecca, sinks the Mahometan in the Papist, and, at leave taking, gladdens all hearts, by promising them places in the next conscription. Whether Sir Francis Burdett, baronet, may not have felt the use of some such policy is yet to be told; but, except for the superiority of his genius, which should rather furnish than follow examples, there is some probability that the Napoleon tours have not been lost upon him. His doubtful successes, in the case of unbreeched soldiers and sailors that prefer double pay; his gradual desertion, till, like Napoleon, he had the glory of continuing the triumph and the march by himself; his unlucky disagreements with his principal accomplices, until Wardle and Waithman were as regularly destined for the future rope as Murat or Augereau; those involving a series of conflicts, of which poor Cobbett used in his day of glory to swear, with equal truth and elegance, "that all the battles fighting by the boys and brutes abroad were nothing at all to the things that were doing at home," might have forced a man to look at his expedients. In this case what was to be done? England would not stir, Bristol was occupied and sickened by the sans culotte Hunt, Liverpool had kicked out Brougham and sent up a man whose talents were the perpetual scourge of Jacobinism and the Baronet. In Westminster

itself, the antique spirit had flitted, the form remained, but the fermentation was over, and the whole mass of heterogeneous putridity was quietly mouldering into that decay in which for the first time it might be useful. The motley patriotism of its puritans and papists, Irish chairmen and English prostitutes, tobacconists and tailors, was elastic and pestilential no more; the few who still have ears to hear, or to lose, were becoming tardy; and even the orator Henleys, the Wisharts and Walkers of the tribe, had begun to look grave and meditate upon Botany Bay. Under those circumstances no time was to be lost; new men, a new scene, a new tactique must be tried, and Ireland was chosen as the scene, and the booby credulity of the Irish Protestant-Papists, the Matthews, and Hutchinsons, and Newports, as the *materiel.* We have no doubt of the vigour with which the operations were set *en train,* nor that we shall hear of them in the harangues of the orators of Fishamble Street, nor that we shall see the effects of this recruiting in the prodigal rashness and extravagant presumption of the next Parliamentary campaign; that Newport will be more garrulous, and the General more silly, and the Baronet more pathetic and given to quotation. But for this and for their final sentence we are content to wait; in the mean time we give an extract of a letter from an ardent disciple relating the circumstance, of which the plate is a close delineation.

LETTER.

Thomastown, August.

We have been here the gayest of the gay; nothing but speeches and merry-makings, dinners and balls. Sir F. B. is the life of the party, and nothing can exceed the novelty but the length of his orations. Yet a few

days since an affair occurred which was near overturning every thing, and which threw an unspeakable cloud over the cheerfulness of some of our principal exhilarators. I see you have revived Pitt in London; what do you think of his having actually come to frighten us here? I give you the history. What the objects of Sir F. B. in his visit might be, besides the classic delight of my Lord's and the General's conversation, I leave your sagacity to guess. But whenever that turned upon the chances for and against a grand display of the popular feeling, it was easy to perceive the inquiry which he had expended on the subject. Lord E. Fitzgerald's accident of course sometimes obtruded itself, and it was observed, that, with whatever gaiety the debate commenced, the first luckless allusion to that patriot inevitably had the effect of making my Lord look grave. At length, as argument was at an end, the General proposed that the probabilities should be settled by way of wager, and called for the dice. Newport, verging into second babyism, remembered the tricks of his school-days, and voted for the "Sortes;" O'Connell would have nothing to do with Paganism, and, in the spirit of the true faith, longed for a twist of the Doway Bible; but the Baronet, who knew how much "better those things were done in France," carried it in favour of Illuminatism, and pledged himself to raise a spirit. The thing was agreed, the rites began with the most approved formalities, and the great magician determined on calling up Fitzgerald himself to give the answer. The Invocation began—

INVOCATION.

Spirit of Fitzg—r—ld hear,
By the blood of Robespierre,
By Danton's howl, by Murat's knife,
By Napoleon's spell-bound life,

By the shapes of fear, that wave
The gory wing o'er Orlean's grave;
Rise from thy dishonour'd tomb!
Spirit, 'tis our hour of gloom.
England's proud day of treason past,
The rebel fortunes overcast,
Broken and faint with flight and fear,
We try our last pale battle here.
Ere we throw that desperate die,
Spirit, light our clouded eye.
Shall blood the vulture's plumage soil,
The tyger perish in the toil;
The rebel's native soul betray
His sabre on that final day,
And, chok'd in miry carnage, feel
The vengeance of the British steel;
Or spouting still with many a wound,
By the long-suffering victor bound;
Loaded with shame, with curses driv'n,
Perish at once from earth and heav'n?
Or shall our rescu'd standard wave
In pride above a monarch's grave?
And shall the Emerald diadem
On the bold rebel's temples beam?
Vision of times to come, too high,
Too dazzling for the wizard eye.
Then, then, reward of all our toil,
Shall dawn the glorious hour of spoil;
Then, through the young regenerate land,
Shall brother against brother stand;
Priestcraft and laws alike unknown,
Blood, civil blood, shall fix the throne.
Cast off our lingering low disguise,
Slighting our antique perjuries;
Away with mitre, cross, and cowl,
Let the old trembling bigots scowl.

Our temple shall be purg'd—within
No altar but the guillotine;
For priest to serve, or slave to fear—
No godhead but the rebel spear.
Hail'd by spell and sacrifice,
Spirit of Fitzgerald rise.

In the midst I saw the Baronet turn pale, and was roused by the general confusion. A form had risen in clouds, and enveloped with a mantle. Lord Landaff had fallen with his face to the ground. The General, yelling with a coward's agony, was making his way out by the shortest avenue; Bryan was roaring "Pitt" with all his might; O'Connell, with a face in which bloated impudence had given way to the whiteness of terror, was repeating Ave Marias, as if he had not an hour to live; Hutchinson, who had long known the scourge of the living Pitt, could utter but one struggling cry at the coming vengeance of the dead. It was Pitt that had risen. I was overpowered by the general influence, and, on waking, found myself alone, the fire faintly burning, the blood cold, and the whole pomp of invocation scattered round. You may judge of the effect, on the sensibilities of the peer, the gallant general, and the holy counsellor. In short, it would absolutely have broken up the party, except for the providential arrival by express, from the Right Reverend Doctor Plunket, of Napoleon's Dresden Bulletin. The assurance that 80,000 Austrian slaves of despotism had "bit the dust," was too refreshing to be doubted or dispensed with, and, except for an occasional pensiveness of his Lordship, I think we are rather gayer than before.

Scene in the celebrated Drama of

HONOUR! HONOUR! HONOUR!

Lately performed in Ireland with universal Applause.

SCENE—*Father* O'BLARNEY'S CABIN.

Now don't be foolish, *Shelah*; sure you know
I am not like another man at all.
With varlets out of doors, who smug your fish,
It might be very wrong to pass the night:
But in my sacred cell what can you fear?
Share then my humble couch with me, my dear,
And I'll confess you in the morning early.

Shelah. But please you, reverend Father, all my sins
I then must many long hours longer carry,
And more have to confess at last.

Father O'B. Bodderation!
Won't you confess them all then in a lump?
Sure don't I know much better far than you,
What's better for your soul's eternal good?
Come here, you divel, sit you in my lap,
And kiss me—*(pulling her on his knee)*. [*Knocking.*

Shelah. Oh, Father! I'm undone.

Father O'B. Be *aisy*, fool,
Get you in there *(puts her into a closet)*. You're not the
first by many
Whose person I have taken in at night,
That absolution might with morning dawn—
But who the devil can this be without,
Whose ill-bred conscience thus disturbs my rest,
And tears me from a pretty wench's arms?

[*Open the door.*

Is it yourself?—Dare I believe my eyes?

Enter COUNSELLOR O'SCUM.

O'Scum. I know not what you dare; but, holy father,
Dare not too much, or you, alas! like me,
May to repentance suddenly be brought.

Father O'B. What mean your words? you seem in agony;
Your bristling hairs hoist from your pate your wig;
Your eyes look wild, and roll about as drunk;
Cold *drops in torrents* trickle down your face;
Your chattering teeth, in noise outdo your tongue,
(No easy task) and your whole frame to me
Seems tottering, trembling, sinking with alarm.

O'Scum. Nor vague my terrors. Holy father, know,
And shudder; I, this very afternoon,
Have challeng'd—burst my heart!—that fool, M'Froth;
And he—now learn the secret of my woe,
He, though a coward all his life before,
Accepted it, and on the morn we meet,
With pistols *loaded*—holy father, *loaded!*

Father O'B. Well, but of course you take aim at the legs.

O'Scum. I don't know that *he* will; and if he does,
Reflect how short the distance from the legs
Is to the head; and if but one small globe
Enter this ball *(pointing to his head)*, then, holy father, then,
That globe would quickly carry me from *this*;
Contending globes would struggle for O'Scum.
Such my rare worth! O curse to be so blest!
My exil'd soul would ramble then about;
And, though at last a body it might find,

This goodly frame, and, more, this gown and wig,
Were lost for ever!

Father O'B. 'Tis true, you may be kill'd;
A cat may chance to give a magpie birth:—
But 'tis not very likely, and, I think,
There is no greater chance of the mishap,
Which fills you with such terrible alarm,
Than of what I have mentioned.

O'Scum. But, indeed,
The danger, holy father,'s very great.

Father O'B. Well, since you think so, you are truly right
To come to be confess'd.—But let's be quick,
For I have solemn duties to perform,
While all the world are buried in repose.

O'Scum. But! not confession only do I want,
I wish the duel to be quite put off.
Rouse you, my father, then, and haste, I pray,
To spread through all the neighbouring towns th' alarm,
So that a crowd may fail not to attend,
And thus th' effusion save of human blood.

Father O'B. That which you ask me, son, is difficult.

O'Scum. I know it, father; but consider all,
All I possess on earth, is now at stake;
And, since I've call'd this raggamuffin out,
I must myself exhibit on the ground,
And tend my body to oppose a shot.

Father O'B. Why did you challenge him?

O'Scum. Because, in truth,
Such was my rage I knew not what I did;
When for Emancipation while I rav'd,
He flatly gave to all I said the lie.

Father O'B. You should be careful, son, and save your rage,

To let it burst to blast all heretics.
But leave me now, I'll do the best I can.
O'Scum. Can I not rest with you this awful night?
Reflect, perhaps you may o'ersleep yourself,
If I'm not here to wake you up betimes.
Father O'B. To-night, my son, I must be left alone,
For I in solitary prayer must spend
The hours of darkness. *(Knocking.)* Some one knocks without.
O'Scum. That knocking shocks me: if it should be known
That I on such a business have come here,
My character for courage will be lost.
Have you no closet to conceal me in?
Father O'B. O would to Heaven I had! but, truth to say,
My cabin nothing of the kind can boast.
O'Scum. Then I'm undone, for ever lost, undone!
Whoever enters will my person know,
And your exertions will be view'd as mine.
Father O'B. This casement opens to another lane.
But leaping out you'll get into a ditch;
Or this way you might steal off unperceiv'd.
O'Scum. I heed not ditches, water I defy;
For many times it has been prophesied
O'Scum will never find a watery grave.
'Tis fire alone I dread, let me be gone.
[*The window is open and he gets out.—Knocking.*
Forget not, father, what you are to do;
I'll call myself and wake you in good time. [*Exit.*
Father O'B. 'Tis well! He's floundering in a muddy ditch,
Meet punishment for him who dare intrude

On my devotions at this hour. Now to see
Who else a ducking needs.

Enter LAWYER M'FROTH.

M'Froth. Your pardon, father,
For thus intruding on your privacy;
But I have much of great import to tell you.
Father O'B. Spare yourself all the trouble, me the time;
Already well I know what you would say.
This evening, by St. Patrick's Mother sent,
A vision came o'er my astonish'd eyes,
In which I saw you and your friend *O'Scum*
Engag'd in fierce and violent debate,
And heard you give him more than once the lie.
I saw a challenge sent in consequence,
And saw to-morrow for the meeting fix'd.
M'Froth. Miraculous! O wond'rous holy man!
Heaven has indeed told all that I could say,
Except one thing, which thing is simply this:
Though for my life I do not care a dump,
That is as far as it concerns myself,
Yet for my countrymen I ought to feel;
I would not let them have me to deplore,
For when I'm gone, what will become of them?
For them, for you? I would preserve myself,
And therefore gladly would avoid the fight.
Father O'B. I doubt it not; that in my vision too
Was most distinctly shown. Your present fear
Was also most correctly then portray'd,
With all the agony of wild alarm
Which now pervades your haggard lengthen'd face.
I plainly saw, that, plung'd in this affair,
And wanting spirit to go boldly through,

You would not fail to call on me to-night,
To get me quick to wait on the police,
Or take such other steps as might appear
Fit to give some excuse for stopping short
In the mad course which you have thus begun.
This is the truth, confess it then for once.

M'Froth. I have no fear, save for my friends and you.

Father O'B. Then of the business I will wash my hands;
Until you own the truth, I will not stir
One step to put an end to the proceedings.

M'Froth. Then I will tell you all. I am afraid,
And hope in mercy you will interfere.
Alas! I am not yet prepar'd to die,
And truly 'tis much pleasanter to live.
O save me, save me!

[*Falling on his knees and tearing his wig.*

Father O'B. Leave it to me;
But, pray, what made you give O'Scum the lie?

M'Froth. Because in truth he told a bouncing lie;
And one so infamous and so barefac'd,
I thought it must by all at once be seen.

Father O'B. There you were very wrong, for look you, son,
Lies may be told for virtuous purposes,
And in such cases virtue they become,
And influence the rabble more than truth.
But now adieu; leave every thing to me;
I'll manage for the best.

M'Froth. Father, adieu!
But stir ye with the earliest dawn of day,
Or all your kindness may be shown in vain.

Father O'B. Adieu! you must not now consume my time.

[*Exit* M'Froth.

So, thanks St. Patrick, I'm at last alone;

These fellows for rebellion train so well,
Much should I grieve if either lost his life:
Of this, however, there is little fear,
For they're such cowards, both I'm sure would faint
If they smelt gunpowder. Nevertheless
I will bestir myself betimes, and take
That merit to myself which would be theirs,
Should I lie still, and fail to give the alarm.
Now for my own affairs. I'll go to bed,
Then, rising, set poor Shelah's heart at rest,
And make myself in blessing others blest.

[*Opens the closet, calls Shelah, who answers snoring. He enters—the scene closes.*

THE BARD OF HORSEMONGER LANE.

Sir,

It is natural for poets to love to confer immortality on those places which have been honoured with their presence. They cannot, like kings, give titles of honour to persons who happen to gain their favour, but they can give what is called *a name* to those scenes which are endeared to their recollection, and thus for centuries make places celebrated, which but for them would never have been known to a dozen persons besides the inhabiting clodhoppers.

Such being the effect of the charms of song, such the mighty power of verse, I apprehend you and your readers will be delighted to find that the Muse of Mr. Examiner Hunt has been called from the depths of Horsemonger Lane Jail, to save Hampstead from oblivion—Yes, Mr. Editor, this mighty task has been happily performed by

Mr. Leigh Hunt; and cockney apprehensions on this head are now set at rest for ever by the following delicious *morçeau.*

SONNET TO HAMPSTEAD.

Sweet upland! to whose walks with fond repair,
Out of thy western slope, I took my rise,
Day after day, and on these feverish eyes
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air,
If health unearn'd of thee I may not share;
Keep it, I pray thee, where my memory lies,
In thy green lanes, brown dells, and breezy skies,
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.

Wait then my coming on that lightsome land,
Health and the joy that out of nature springs,
And freedom's air-blown * locks:—but stay with me,
Friendship, frank entering with the cordial hand,
And honour and the Muse with growing wings;
And love domestic smiling equably.

If I were to close my letter here, and not add one comment on the above sublime composition, which I have carefully transcribed from the Examiner, I think all that I have advanced in the commencement of this communication would appear justified, and all anxiety on the part of your readers for the fame of Hampstead be lastingly removed. But would it not be a neglect of genius thus to pass over so masterly a performance. I am decidedly of opinion it would, and therefore feel it to be my bounden duty to notice some of the beauties of this flower of Parnassus; than which Southwark never gave birth to a finer, since the moving copy of verses which appeared on the execution of Mr. Patch, which it will be remembered contained these truly elegant and strikingly original lines:

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* *Query*, "Flyblown."

"Pity his fall,
You jail-birds all,
Well-a-day, well-a-day!"

Mr. Hunt commences his poem with the beautiful apostrophe of

"Sweet upland! to whose walks with *fond repair,*
Out of thy western slope, I *took my rise.*"

Some foolish fellows have taken upon themselves to ridicule this very successful beginning, to laugh at Mr. Hunt's *fond repair*, and at the information given as to where he *took his rise.* These, however, it cannot be doubted were would-be poets themselves; poets only fit for "the Morning Post and the Circus;" fellows who would be ashamed to show their noses at Horsemonger Lane Jail. "It is quite refreshing (as we are told five times in every Examiner), to see how such blockheads show what they are; for, after reading it a dozen times, the sagacious critics were obliged to admit they could not find any meaning in it. A more decisive proof of their stupidity cannot be wanting; for I will be bold to say, half a dozen different meanings may be affixed to it, all equally rational and comprehensive. This is what I think the perfection of the art of poetry, and no man, who writes like Mr. Hunt for posterity*, ought to forget to express himself in such a style as to ensure a difference of opinion among his readers, as to what was his meaning in the sublimest efforts of his pen. The lines in question may mean, that Mr. Examiner Hunt fondly repaired to Hampstead to climb the hill. It is probable the blundering printer put a small *r*, instead of a capital, to the word repair, which may have been the name of some lady the poet formerly

* *Passim.* Ought not this word to have a different termination?

kept there, and with whom he *took his rise* of a morning. It might be contended by some that

"Out of thy western slope I took my rise"

must allude to his having been educated there; in which case Hampstead may dispute this honour with Christ's Hospital, with as much warmth as other places have contended for the glory of giving birth to Homer. Some will say, they mean that at Hampstead his paper first *took a rise* in circulation, or that he first took *his rise*, or, in other words, took his resolution to raise the price of his weekly labour at this favoured spot, and the judicious use he has made of the word *out*, leaves it in our power to understand him to mean *out* or *in*, just as we think proper. What follows, makes me think my second conjecture that which is most likely to be correct; and, though all the meanings are good, that is certainly best of all.

"Day after day" (he took his rise), "and on these feverish eyes,
Met the moist fingers of the bathing air."

This is rare information for posterity, as it now seems clear, that the Horsemonger Ministrel took his rise, day after day, at "sweet upland Hampstead's walks with *fond Repair*," and then went to see the bathing *Air*, another lady of course, who was fond of that recreation of a morning, that she might have the pleasure of putting her *moist fingers* on Mr. Hunt's feverish eyes. I should hope this was done, while *Miss Repair's* head was turned another way, or else the poet's face might have met *her fingers*, and, yet more, her nails.

The sonnet proceeds:

If Health unearn'd of thee (of Hampstead) I may not share,
Keep it, I pray thee, where my *memory lies*,
In thy *green* lanes, *brown* dells, and *breezy* skies,
Till I return, and find thee doubly fair.

The singular beauty of these lines must be obvious to every one. There is something so philosophical in the prayer, that if the bard may not *earn health at Hampstead*, it may be kept for him, where his memory *lies*, in *Green* lanes, *Brown* dells, and *Blue* skies (for he meant *Blue* though he said breezy), that for patience *the man of Uz* is not to be compared to the Examiner. Perhaps I misconceive him; but I understand him to wish that his health may be locked up with his memory in green lanes, &c. and left at Hampstead till called for. This I contend is very elegant and very rational, though the puny witlings, before alluded to, may ask, if Mr. Hunt's memory *lies at Hampstead*, how he came to recollect what he describes at that place? Other minor wits, who admire themselves for skill in the science of punning, may assert that what Mr. H. says of his memory is merely a jail confession, an acknowledgment that his memory d ceives him in green lanes, &c.; in plainer English, that he has a lying memory.

The concluding six lines, in which he politely requests *Health*, and the *Joy out of Nature*, and *Freedom's air-blown locks*, to wait for his coming at Hampstead, are I think worthy those which precede them. What can be more natural, than that he should wish these things to stay where they are, that he may know how to find them? and his anxiety about the articles last-mentioned—"*Freedom's air-blown locks*" is what every poet must feel, who has had the opportunities afforded to Mr. Hunt of contemplating *locks* of a different description. His kind invitation to *Honour*, *Friendship*, *the Muse with growing wings*,

and *Love domestic smiling equably*, to stay with him, is not less beautiful, and will doubtless be eagerly accepted by those gentry. *The Muse* in particular will feel overwhelmed with gratitude for the honour, and perhaps want words to express it. By the by, this personage was very prettily mentioned by Mr. H. to let us know what company he keeps at Horsemonger Lane, and to satisfy the jailer that he has no intention to escape, by apprising him, that, if so disposed, all his efforts to restrain him would be vain, since he has in his society a companion capable of flights sufficiently lofty to enable him to soar far above the walls of a prison. This, in fact, he does in the sonnet to Hampstead; and I have therefore thought it but right thus particularly to call your attention to the subject, to prove that imprisonment cannot shackle a great mind. Of this, I think, the poem in question gives demonstration, and I defy all Mr. Hunt's enemies to show that in the whole course of his life he ever wrote a better, or to prove that his talent for poetry has at all suffered from captivity.

I am, Mr. Satirist,
Yours, &c.

LETTER TO THE REVEREND DR. FORD,

Ordinary of Newgate.

DEAR DOCTOR,

As I understand you are a very pleasant facetious fellow like myself, I hope you will excuse the familiar style of this letter, if your *various occupations* should leave you time to read it. This I think it is the more probable you will do, as the object of it is to sug-

gest that which may tend to your future welfare. Do not be alarmed, and throw this epistle aside, at the word *future*, as I can assure you that that to which I allude is to take place in *this world*. I just mention this, as I know some Gentlemen *of the cloth* are too poor to be enabled, contentedly, to wait for their reward, till it can be bestowed in another; and others endowed with so much Christian humility, that they are satisfied to receive the poor benefits this insolvent globe can afford, instead of waiting for the good things of a better place.

You must know, Doctor, I have a great taste for seeing those exhibitions which are vulgarly called executions, but which people of education name *scragging matches*. The science of hanging has long occupied my attention; and, though I cannot say I have a *practical* knowledge of it in all its branches, yet, as an *amateur* of some experience, I flatter myself my good opinion is worth something to a man in your situation.

I therefore hasten to inform you, that I much admire the manner in which *you have managed* all the recent exhibitions at the Old Bailey. The culprits have doubly benefited by your exertions; as I know of nothing that could assist them in their devotions more than the good-natured tickle you give their throats after Jack Ketch and his man have adjusted the noose in their aukward way. Nothing can have a greater tendency to improve the morals of the surrounding multitude, than the sublime spectacle of a man of your standing uniting in himself the characters of Parson and Hangman.

You would doubtless feel justly offended if I were to insult you by supposing that your practice of fumbling about the necks of your clients, after Master Ketch has taken leave of them, arises from a disposition to make their sufferings short. It would be no easy task to con-

vince me that you are capable of entertaining an idea so perfectly ridiculous. The fact of your *taking off their neckcloths* clearly proves that this is not the cause of your so exerting yourself, and, I think, demonstrates that what you do is simply a matter of *taste.* I remember, some years ago, you applied for an increase of salary. The City, I doubt not, acted liberally by you, and you do well to show your gratitude in public, by letting your friends see, every execution-day, that you do not take your money for nothing.

The practice you have had, Doctor, and the great attention you have paid to the business, must, as "practice makes perfect," have made you fully competent to go through it without assistance. Jack Ketch is now old, and must, in the course of nature, expect shortly to be *turned off* himself. You have doubtless his place in your eye, and I hope to see you succeed to it. I write this, to suggest to you the propriety of making an early application, as *another Gentleman* (a Carpenter who assists in putting up the scaffold) has his views directed the same way; you must, therefore, be on the alert, or he will get the start of you. I think every friend to merit must wish you to be the successful candidate; as he who does the duty ought to have the honour, the title, and the pay of *Hangman.*

I am, dear Doctor,

Your obedient Servant,

TOM TICKLE.

P. S. In the event of your succeeding Mr. Ketch, if the flogging part of the business should be too laborious for you, I should be glad to take it off your hands. No objection to give a specimen of my abilities in that way—on your own back, if desired.

THE CABBAGES.

A TRUE STORY.

Dick Clodpate a cart-load of cabbages stole
At Romford, and came up to town;
To Spitalfields drove to dispose of the whole,
And offer'd a score for a crown.

Thought Dick, "Farmer Gubbins has lost his wits quite
(While gaily to market he hied),
His property thus to leave out in the night,
And no one to watch by its side.

"With forty score only, if I have made free,
Forty crowns well my trouble will pay;
Forty crowns is ten pounds, and egad that for me
Will be pretty good work for one day."

Thus reck'ning his chickens before they were hatch'd,
For custom he vainly look'd round;
Though he swore in the market they could not be match'd,
No purchaser was to be found.

He now chang'd his note, and to half-a-crown fell,
But with no better luck than before,
For others had ventur'd so cheaply to sell,
All had bought till they could buy no more.

To two shillings—to eighteen pence, now he descends,
And anxious at last to be busy,
To a shillings he sinks, and then added, "Come, friends,
Take, dang it! a score for a tizzee."

Again by contempt the clown's feelings were shock'd,
The laughing-stock made of the many,
For the market that morn had been so overstock'd,
A hundred were not worth a penny.

And now came the truth on the robber to break,
What he thought he had stol'n before day,
Farmer Gubbins had freely allowed him to take,
For *he* had just *thrown them away.*

Night came on—Dick exclaims, "Zounds! I must n't stay here
Much longer, for now getting late 'tis;
I'll be kind to the poor, and afford 'em good cheer,
Here—who'll have my cabbages *gratis.*"

Still no one approach'd: now cries Clodpate, "'Tis hard,
When a man's heart with charity glows,
That benevolence meets with so little regard,
But virtue will ever find foes.

"As no one will now take 'em off o' my hands,
I'll be off, for I don't like the weather;
But I won't take 'em back to old Gubbins's lands,
Here I'll shoot the whole boiling together."

He said, and 'twas done, and he now gallopp'd home,
Deploring aloud his sad fate,
And mourning that industry thus doom'd to roam,
Should toil in vain early and late.

But his woe did not end here; for, soon to his cost,
He learnt he was sentenc'd to pay,
To console him for time, trouble, cabbages lost,
A pound note for "*throwing away.*"

Yes, for "throwing away;" for the cabbages he
Had discarded a nuisance were prov'd;
And Clodpate was presently forc'd to agree
To pay for their being remov'd.

THE BRITISH BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PILE;

OR,

Works of English Authors which have been condemned to the Flames by Authority.

In several of the preceding Numbers of the Satirist, Essays illustrative of the origin and progress of Printing, containing much entertaining bibliographical information, have been submitted to the public. The flattering testimonies of approbation which were received in consequence of these articles, have induced their writer to apply to the subject, which, under the above title, shall continue for some months to *illuminate* our pages. The history of *Books condemned* to be burnt by *the hands of the common Hangman*, or otherwise suppressed by public Authority, may be expected to be somewhat curious; and when to this is added a short Biographical Notice of the Author, it is hoped the amusement to be derived from these notices will equal the literary instruction they furnish.

A very short specimen only follows these few introductory remarks. They are in alphabetical order.

BLOUNT.—*Philostrati duo priores Libri de Vita Apollonii Thyanensis e Græco in sermonem Anglicum translati notisque copiosis illustrati, auctore* CAROLO BLOUNT. Londini, fol. 1680.

This work was condemned in England, in the year 1693. The notes, which are very numerous, are directed against Religion, and tend particularly to inculcate contempt for the Holy Scriptures. It has been observed, that the author has *collected* many of his materials from the *Treatise on Truth*, by Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. Charles Blount shot himself in the year 1693, in despair for not being able to marry the widow of his brother: he was born in 1655. He is one of the famous Deists, whose writings are strongly stamped with audacity. His other works are,

Anima Mundi, or History of the Opinions of the Ancients on the State of the Souls after Death. London, 1679. 8vo.

The Diana of the Ephesians, or *the Origin of Idolatry*, &c. London, 1680. 8vo.

Janua Scientiarum. London, 1684. 8vo.

The Oracles of Reason, in which work he endeavours to prove that it is permitted to marry two sisters successively. London, 1693. 8vo.

Religio Laici. London, 1683. 12mo.

BURY.—*The Naked Gospel discovered*. 1st. What was the Gospel, which our Lord and his Apostles preached: 2d. What additions and alterations latter ages have made in it. 3d. What advantages and damages have thereupon ensued. Now first published by ARTHUR BURY. London. By Nathan Ranew, 1691. In 4to.

This impious book was condemned to be burnt by the University of Oxford; and for this reason it is very scarce

even in England. The author endeavours to simplify Christianity: all the belief necessary to constitute a good Christian is reduced by him to a belief that Jesus Christ is the only Son of God. He pretends, that at the time of St. Justin, in the second century, those were considered as Christians who believed that Jesus Christ was a man, born of man, and that they were not troubled for their creed; but that, in course of time, when arguments on religious matters became frequent, the spirit of dispute and parties introduced in the Christian Church have given a kind of importance to these matters, in the same manner as the trouble of finding out and polishing diamonds, causes them to be considered as precious stones; because at last, though the question concerns Divine Nature, it does not follow, that all what is said about it be of importance. Such are the sentiments of Arthur Bury, condemned as erroneous by the University.

COWARD.—*Coward's Second Thoughts concerning Human Souls.* London, 1702, 8vo.; and in 1703, 8vo.—*Further Thoughts.* London, 1703, 8vo.—*The Grand Essay*, or *a Vindication of Reason and Religion, against Impostures of Philosophy:* proving, 1st. That the existence of any immaterial substance is a philosophic imposture, and impossible to be conceived: 2d. That all matter has originally created in it a principle of internal self-motion: 3d. That matter and motion must be the foundation of thought in men and brutes: with an Answer to M. Broughton's Psychology. London, 1704. 8vo.

This work was condemned, by order of the British Parliament, to be burnt by the hand of the Hangman. The author endeavours to prove, that the doctrine of the Christians of the Immortality of the Soul, originated from

the Pagans: that it is contrary to the principles of philosophy, of religion, and of reason: that, according to the Holy Scriptures, the soul is nothing else but the life of man; a faculty, by which he moves, feels, and reasons; that it exists in the body during life, and ceases to be, at the instant of death. He however asserts, it will revive again with the bodies in the Last Day of Judgment. Such are the absurdities which excited general outcry against the work, insomuch that the House of Commons took notice of it, and condemned the book.—William Coward was a physician of London, born about the year 1657, and died about the year 1725.

COWELL.—*Joannis Cowelli, Juris Rom. prof. Cantab. Institutiones Juris Anglicani ad seriem Institutionum Imperialium. Cantabridgiæ,* 1605. 8vo.

This work gave offence to many different classes of people of England, and was burnt by the hand of the Hangman, by order of the Parliament; and its author condemned to be imprisoned. He is reproached with having attempted to mix the Roman with the British laws.

HOLINSHED.—*Ralph Holinshed, Guill. Harrisson, et aliorum, Chronica Angliae, Scotiae, et Hiberniae, continuata ad annum* 1587, *per Johann. Hooker, seu Wowell, et alios, Anglicé.* Londini, 1587. 3 vols. folio.

The British Ministry caused this work to be suppressed, as containing some propositions and arguments which made great noise at that time. The first edition is of the year 1577, 2 vols. fol. The edition we here announce is much augmented, but the passages against the government have been expunged. R. Holinshed died about the year 1580.

(To be continued.)

NORTHCOTE'S LIFE OF REYNOLDS.

A PAINTER'S life, written by a painter, is at least a curiosity. The execution may be laid out of the question; it may be tasteless and tiresome, intolerably protracted, and insufferably dull—an old man's garrulity without an old man's sense, and yet be a curiosity. Mr. *Northcote* has here ventured to the extreme of the principle, and the interest with which we read his book is to us at least an unanswerable illustration of its general truth. Strange as it may appear, we actually got to the end, with certain drawbacks we will admit, with a most oppressive weariness hanging on us during the operation, and with a certain exhausting remembrance when its name happens to bring back a work, which, like medicine, is much more strongly recollected from its flavour than from its virtues. But we feel the duties of our situation, and, as others may be betrayed into opening this ponderous and well-proportioned quarto, we are of opinion, that, by adhering undeviatingly to the following precautions, they may escape sudden disgust, or violent lethargy. In the first place, it is important to avoid the preface, the introduction, and every paragraph which bears the words "philosopher,"—"taste of the present reign,"—"grandeur of the arts," in its front; indeed the reader, or rather revolver, will act judiciously in evading, as far as may be manageable, every passage in the shape of "illustration,"—"reflection,"—"apothegm," or "experience," of which the merit is claimed by the author. With this sweeping but most salutary provision, we offer some more particular advices. Among the rest, the "*Analyses*" of Sir Joshua's

discourses in their several years are not to be even glanced at, they being of the most soporific nature. This we consider as an indispensible, and at the same time a singularly convenient precaution, as these discourses, comprehending nearly a third of the volume, and besides being to be purchased pure and original in every shop in London, the student is saved a full third of his trouble. In the next place of *Evadenda* lies all the poetry, which, laudatory and solemn as it is, can only reinforce a maxim, that the whole volume impresses with irresistible conviction, and make us mourn with double vigour, the easiness with which time as well as money is parted with by some descriptions of well-meaning persons. French panegyric may be elegant, or eloquent, or interesting, from the facile flattery of the people. English panegyric is like the grimaces of a reluctant slave; a dancing bear is graceful, flexible, and alert, to a genuine *Englander* labouring to fondle his superiors into familiarity. Finally, and most conscientiously are to be escaped, with a slight exception to which we shall subsequently allude, the whole 180 pages that close the volume, consisting of what the author has unluckily named "Varieties;" but, in fact and seriouness, a composition of very uniform and innocent materials, answering the purpose of filling the number of sheets in the most blameless manner, but for all other purposes naked, so far as we have been able to ascertain, of meritoriousness. From this detail, the determined reader may anticipate the precise extent of his labours, and, by adhering to the regimen, preserve himself from utter torpidity. But for that large class of Natives, whose rank and wealth elevate them above having any further interest in the work than its fitness for a place in their "*tablettes dorees*," we may venture to set forth its peculiar recommendations: its size is proportioned

with an elegance befitting an artist's book; it is accurately hot-pressed; hath a "*fac simile*" of Sir Joshua's handwriting, beginning with *Deer* Sir, and in rather irregular orthography, and character singularly vile, hinting a compliment to its preserver; a portrait of Mr. Northcote, finely executed, and an involuntary caricature of Sir Joshua, muddy, meanless, and rude. If those charms have no influence, what can resist the fact that its price places it beyond ordinary purchase, and that no man under the degree of a baron, unless contractors and aldermen should in the round of accidents turn buyers of books, can honestly have it in his library? The early life of the subject of this memoir is, as of course it ought to be, brief, and the idle inquiry of those, who, persuaded that genius gives indications of itself as soon as any thing else, and that the future greatness of the man may be traced in the unconscious vigour of the child, look in the infancy of Reynolds for the dawning mind that was afterwards to brighten his profession here, is considerately disregarded. Some circumstances it was, however, almost impossible to suppress, and they are given as follow:—Joshua Reynolds was the son of the Reverend Samuel Reynolds and Theophilia his wife, the seventh of eleven children, five of whom died in their infancy. His father, a poor, neglected, and unworldly man, was master of the grammar-school at Plympton, and, with the rectory and a Windsor curacy, contrived to linger on the miserable life of expedients and heart-breakings which has for about three centuries secured the virtues of the Protestant Clergy of Great Britain. His son naturally shared the miseries and the literature of this obscure martyr, and, as the cheapest of professions, was designed by a father, who knew the temporal wretchedness of his own, to commence the study of physic. But nature had determined otherwise,

and, in spite of Sir Joshua's own future theories, the spirit of the pencil began to burn within him. Mr. Northcote foolishly adding his testimony to the prejudice which had already found a Johnson and a Reynolds for its partizans, is rigid in the belief, that Jacob Kat's book of Emblems, and the Jesuit's Perspective, books which a thousand and ten thousand boys of eight years old have seen, and may see still without using a crayon the more, were the actual and absolute *creators* of his determination for his art. But Reynolds continued, whatever might be the cause, to draw, disfiguring, to the no small discomfiture of his perplexed father, all kinds of materials, sketching landscapes on slates, and, in spite of its natural antipathy, interpolating with busts, and profiles, and cottages, even the fearful vacancies of his Latin exercise. Nature at length got the better of the schoolmaster, and, after some perspective draftings, which excited more surprise than displeasure, and in which the school-house itself was not spared, the old clergyman gave way, and his incorrigible boy was sent, probably by the assistance of a Mr. Cranch, a friend of the family, up to London, which city he first saw on the 14th of Oct. 1741, then not being quite eighteen, and was placed under Hudson, an eminent portrait-painter of the time, on, as the author observes with professional and pious accuracy, "St. Luke's day, the patron of painters," in the same year. Here a little anecdote intervenes, perfectly absurd and trifling, so far as Mr. Northcote and Sir Joshua are concerned, but curious, as showing the respect to which a writer may attain even in his life-time.

"A short time after Reynolds came to London he was sent by his master, Hudson, to make some purchase for him at a sale of pictures, and, it being a collection of some consequence, the auction-room was uncommonly crowd-

ed. Reynolds was at the upper end of the room, near the auctioneer, when he perceived a considerable bustle near the door, and at first thought somebody had fainted, the crowd and heat were so great. However, he soon heard the name of 'Mr. Pope, Mr. Pope,' whispered from every mouth, for it was Mr. Pope himself who had entered the room. Immediately every person drew back to make a passage for the distinguished poet, and all those on each side held out their hands for him to touch as he passed: Reynolds, though not in the front row, put out his hand also under the arm of the person who stood before him; and Pope took hold of his hand, as he did likewise of all the rest. This was the only time that Reynolds ever saw the great moralist."

The career of Reynolds's youth, for which probably his memory supplied but few notices, and Mr. Northcote's research comparatively none, went on without disturbance. Fond of his art, profiting by it, and exciting the jealousy of his master Hudson, he lingered in England until 1749, when, with maturer powers and larger information, he was about to enjoy an opportunity which once formed a crisis in the life of a painter. Commodore Keppel, then a very young officer, being appointed to sail with a squadron to the Mediterranean, Reynolds was introduced to him by the friendship of the Mount Edgecumbe family, and the young artist put to sea in the Centurion, on the 11th of May, 1749. No man has been on the Mediterranean without in some measure feeling the influence of the region; surrounded by the finest and most fertile, the most barbarous and renowned parts of the globe, breathing an atmosphere that feels like a new spirit, a slight extravagance might be pardoned in any human being, but an artist's raptures might be deeply inflamed without offence to nature. Of this effect the

tour seems to have failed on the placid and slow susceptibility of Reynolds. His biographer tells us, with a ponderosity for which it is more than Christian charity to forgive him, that he went from Lisbon to Minorca, from Minorca to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Rome. This finishes by the interesting information, that, after remaining in Italy about three years, not admiring the Sistine chapel till he understood its merits, and labouring hard with his pencil, he returned by Mount Cenis, and found himself safe in England. Of this tour it is next to impossible that no memorandum was made, or if not, as it must have formed the subject of subsequent discussions, and in a certain degree mingled in all the professional conversation of a life spent between talking and painting, we can only attribute it to the resolute negligence of a biographer, who had continual opportunities of inquiry, that so meagre an account is given. Of course, we cannot prevail on ourselves to admit into the rank of anecdotes, the story of Mr. Astley's waistcoat, on the circumstance of Sir Joshua's having written a letter to Lord Mount Edgecumbe, which, given as it is in evidence that the writer was capable of dignity of thought or language, appears to us the mere servile and humbled acknowledgment of a dependant to his master. Reynolds, submissive as he always was to rank and title, would have subsequently been ashamed of this performance, and it is not to the credit of the author's friendship or feeling, that, instead of putting it into his book, he did not throw it into the fire. Reynolds, on fixing in London, took apartments in St. Martin's Lane, then considered a fashionable residence for artists; and the first work which attracted the public eye was the portrait of a boy in a turban, painted, about the end of 1752, from a young Italian pupil whom he had brought with him from Rome. The history of this un-

happy boy might be reckoned of itself a proof of the cold and inexcitable feelings of a man whose homage to the great never suffered a relaxation to the close of his life. Guiseppe Marchi, after learning his art to a degree which enabled him to execute all the minor work of Sir Joshua's pictures, was, after a long succession of years, elevated into a salary of one hundred pounds per annum, with board and lodging. At this time Reynolds was painting heads at from thirty-five to fifty guineas each, and his regular income was probably more than six thousand pounds a year.

Marchi, probably discontented with this poverty of spirit, left his narrow patron, went to Swansea in Wales, and practised his profession. He, however, at length returned to Sir Joshua, continued to work in obscurity, and died, after a life which bears the marks of great unkindness in the opulent and courtly painter. How much better for this poor boy to have been left in his own delightful country!

Reynolds, now rising into fame, moved to Leicester Square, where he commenced a handsome establishment, gave dinners, and practised the usual means of favoritism among the higher classes. It is difficult not to feel some prejudice against a man, who, at no time relying upon the vigour of his genius, seemed anxious to secure emolument by *being well* with every human being that bore the name of rank. In some degree conscious of the popularity which it was in the power of learned and accomplished men to give, he, in 1764, projected with Dr. Johnson the club which was afterwards so much distinguished under the title of the "Literary Club." It at first comprehended with them, Goldsmith, Nugent, Percy, Sir R. Chambers, Sir J. Hawkins, the Burkes, Langton, Charnier, Dyer, and Beauclerk. The place of meeting was the Turk's Head in Gerard Street; the day, Monday

in every week; the hour of meeting, seven in the evening; the evening toast, "*Esto perpetua.*" In the month of April, of the same year, was first opened the "Exhibition of the Fine Arts," at the Great Room in Spring Gardens. This took place from an union of all the artists in 1760, and was followed by a Royal Charter.

On the 10th of December, 1768, the "Royal Academy of Arts," in London, was opened by Reynolds, who had been knighted for the occasion. At the height of his fame, the new knight received the tributes of bardship, and many and fearful were the attacks upon his patience and his purse, in the shapes of "Birth-day Congratulations,"—"Epistles to a Great Artist,"—"Ode to the British Apelles," and humble "Copies of Verses;" but flatteries of this unsubstantial nature had not much effect upon the sober rigour of Sir Joshua, and he continued to be deaf, and paint with equal profit and perseverance. On looking over the list of his works, it stands on record, as a singular evidence of his unsparing assiduity, that, from the first exhibition up to that in 1790, he had sent in 244 pictures.

Occasional notices are given of the Literary Club, and the name of Goldsmith is brought in for some anecdotes of his strange eagerness for admiration. Some of these seem scarcely probable, but, if true, amount almost to actual idiotism. Yet he appears not to have wanted the discrimination to feel, nor the spirit to express, a strong disgust of the flexible civility of the painter. On one occasion, when Sir Joshua, softened by the courtship of Dr. Beattie, and proud of the opportunity of displaying his talent, where its subject had been complimented by a King, had determined to give him a portrait idly exaggerated, Goldsmith's opinion was given with little ceremony. In the author's words, "There is a remarkably fine allegorical

picture painted by Sir Joshua, representing the portrait of Dr. Beattie. The Doctor is in his University dress, as Doctor of Laws, with his volume on the Immutability of Truth under his arm; the Angel of Truth is going before him, beating down the Vices, Envy, Falshood, &c. which are represented as a group of figures falling at his approach, and the principal head in this group is made an exact likeness of Voltaire. When Goldsmith saw this picture, he was very indignant at it, and said to him, 'It very ill becomes a man of your character and eminence, Sir Joshua, to condescend to be a mean flatterer, or to wish to degrade so high a genius as Voltaire before so mean a writer as Dr. Beattie; for Dr. Beattie and his book together will, in the space of ten years, not be known to have even been in existence, but your allegorical picture, and the fame of Voltaire, will live to your disgrace as a flatterer." On the 4th of April, 1774, this singular, negligent, unlucky man of genius, died, and Sir Joshua abstained from painting for *one whole day.* An anecdote of him, or rather of his brother, follows the mention of his death, which we think rather the most interesting of the volume; it affords a tolerable specimen of the native Irish character.—"In the dedication of his 'Deserted Village,' Goldsmith alludes to his eldest brother Henry, the Clergyman; and some of his biographers record another, Maurice, a younger one, of whom it is stated by Percy, that, being bred up to no business, he upon some occasion complained to Oliver, that he found it difficult to live like a gentleman. To this, Oliver wrote him an answer, begging that he would, without delay, quit so unprofitable a trade, and betake himself to some handicraft employment. He took the hint, and bound himself apprentice to a cabinet-maker, and, when out of his indenture, set up business for himself, in which he was engaged

during the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Rutland. His shop being in Dublin, he was noticed by Mr. Orde, since Lord Bolton, then Lord-Lieutenant's Secretary, who recommended him to the patronage of the Duke, out of regard to the memory of his brother. In consequence, he received the appointment of Inspector of Licences in that city, and was also employed as Mace-bearer by the Royal Irish Academy then just established. Both of these places were compatible with his business; and, in the former, he gave proof of great integrity, by detecting a fraud committed on the revenue in his department, and one by which he might himself have profited, had he not been a man of principle. He has now been dead not more than fifteen years, and I enter more particularly into his history, from having seen the following passage in one of Oliver's letters to him. 'You talked of being my only brother. I don't understand you. Where is Charles?' This indeed was a question which Maurice could not answer then, nor for many years afterwards. But as the answer is curious, and I have it from a friend, on whose authority I can rely, I give the anecdote a place in nearly his own words.—While travelling in the stage-coach towards Ireland, in the autumn of 1791, he was joined at Oswestry by a venerable looking gentleman, who, in the course of the morning, mentioned that his name was Goldsmith; when one of the party observed, that if he was going to Ireland, his name would be a passport to him. The stranger smiled, and asked the reason: to which the other replied, that the memory of Oliver was embalmed among his countrymen. A tear glistened in the stranger's eye, who answered, 'I am his brother.' The gentleman who had first made the observation, looked doubtingly, and said, 'He has but one brother living. I know him.'—'True,' said the stranger, 'for it may be

said I am risen from the dead, having been for many years no longer supposed to be in the land of the living. I am Charles, the youngest of the family. Oliver I know is dead, but of Henry and Maurice I know nothing.' On being informed of various particulars of his family, the stranger told his simple tale. Having heard of his brother Noll's mixing in the first society of London, he took it for granted that his fortune was made, and that he could soon make his brother's also. He therefore left home without notice; but soon found, on his arrival in London, that his picture of his brother's situation was too highly coloured; that Noll would not introduce him to his great friends; and that, in fact, though out of a jail, he was also often out of a lodging.

"Disgusted with this entrance into *high life*, and ashamed to return home, the young man left London, without acquainting his brother with his intentions, or even writing to his friends in Ireland, and proceeded, a poor adventurer, to Jamaica, where he lived without even renewing an intercourse with his friends, by whom he was of course supposed to be dead. Years passed on, and young Charles, by industry and perseverance, began to save some property; he married a widow of fortune, when his children, requiring the advantages of further education, he determined to return to England, to ascertain the propriety of bringing over his wife and family. On this project he was then engaged, and was proceeding to Ireland to visit his native home, and to make himself known to such of his relations as might be living. His plan, however, was to conceal his good fortune until he might discover their affection and esteem for him. On arriving in Dublin, the party separated, and my friend, a few weeks afterwards, returning from the North, called at the hotel where he knew Mr. Goldsmith intended to reside. There

he met him; when the amiable old man told him he had put his plan in execution. After giving himself as much the appearance of poverty as he could with propriety, he proceeded to the shop of his brother Maurice, where he inquired for several articles, and then noticed the name over the door, asking if it had any connexion with the famous Dr. Goldsmith. 'I am his brother, his sole surviving brother,' said Maurice. 'What then,' replied the stranger, 'is become of the others?'—'Henry has long been dead, and poor Charles has not been heard of for many years.'—'But suppose Charles were alive, would his friends acknowledge him?'—'Oh, yes,' replied Maurice, 'gladly indeed!'—'He lives then! but as poor as when he left you.' Maurice instantly leaped over his counter, hugged him in his arms, and, weeping, with pleasure cried, 'Welcome—welcome—here you shall find a home and a brother.'

"It is needless to add, that this denouëment was perfectly agreeable to the stranger, who was then preparing to return to Jamaica, to make his proposed family arrangements; but my friend, being himself a wanderer, has never since that period had an opportunity of hearing further."

Reynolds's life was now drawing to a close: full of years and successes, he was attacked by a liver complaint in October 1791; and, after a three months' confinement to his bed, died, February 23d, 1792, aged 69. The eulogium by Burke, and the description of the funeral, are given. The national honours paid to this man, seem to have been offered with a kind of eager rivalry; and, with the exception of the Throne, no rank in the kingdom refused to express its regret at the loss of this first painter of his time. We have already said that the remainder of the volume is superfluous. The Painter's Dream is com-

posed with more spirit than the rest; but, strongly as our opinion is in favour of Northcote's merits as an artist, we cannot but regret that he looked for fame beyond his art. Practice and nature have given his pencil dexterity, force, and expression. We wish it were in our power to apply the same praise to his pen.

THE HOLLY STICK;
OR,
THE ENFIELD ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Editor,

At Enfield an Association has been formed for the more effectually bringing disturbers of the public peace to justice. A very laudable object this; and one which it is to be hoped the Society will be able successfully to accomplish. If, however, it should seem they have happily had so few crimes committed in their neighbourhood, that they find their funds increasing too fast, would there be any harm in a man, whose circumstances are but indifferent, receiving at their hands a sum which they do not know what to do with, and which of themselves they have offered by public advertisement to give away?

Within the last few weeks, bills have been posted all round the neighbourhood of Enfield, stating, that "a Holly Stick, evidently constructed for some mischievous purpose, has been found at Forty-Hill, and offering a reward of Five Guineas to any one who will discover the person to whom it belonged."

Some time ago I had the *misfortune* to lose a stick, which may possibly be the stick mentioned in the advertisement. As I have occasion to travel a good deal over the country, I thought it necessary, for self-defence, to have a pistol let into my Holly Stick, that, in the event of my being attacked by robbers, I might meet them with a weapon similar to those usually carried by them, and not be wholly unarmed even when that was discharged. This stick, in a recent journey, I certainly dropped near Forty-Hill, and this may be that described as evidently constructed for some mischievous purpose.

Now, Sir, as I cannot very well afford to take what is called legal advice on the subject, I send this for insertion in the Satirist, in the hope of learning from you, or from some of your correspondents, whether, if this stick, found at Forty-Hill, prove to be mine, I have not a right both to that and the reward offered for the detection of its owner, on discovering myself? Would it be dishonourable to receive money so offered, and would the Association be entitled to recover damages, if persons could be found, who had no objection to swear in a Court of Justice, that, knowing the principal members to be fools, I had purposely placed the stick where it was found, in order to induce them to offer a reward, as they have done, and to win a leg of mutton and trimmings, which I had betted, that they were stupid enough to be thus imposed upon?

Yours, truly,

BLACK BOB.

Enfield Chace.

SHORT MEMOIR OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

By a Foreign Officer.

CHARLES John, Crown Prince of Sweden, was born, 26th January, 1763, in the Province of Gascony, in France.

He began his military career in the regiment of La Marche, wherein he was Cadet Serjeant in 1782, and taken prisoner at the battle of Cuddalore in the East Indies, by General Stuart, who treated him with uncommon politeness, admitting him frequently at his table, and finding him worthy of his attention. After the peace of 1783, he was released and returned to France, where, by his military genius in the Revoluntionary War as General of Division, he greatly distinguished himself, as he also did as Secretary at War, and Ambassador at Vienna. He served under Moreau at the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden, and, after the masterly retreat through Suabia in the following campaign, General Bernadotte attacked unexpectedly the Austrian General La Tour, and completely defeated him, by which he secured the retreat of Moreau, whose acts of humanity in Flanders, on the reduction of Newport and Sas van Ghant, were so conspicuous, that, if Robespierre had not been guillotined in July 1794, Moreau would have met that fate, for acting against the tyrannical decree to massacre every British and Hanoverian prisoner. When Buonaparte returned from Egypt, and made himself First Consul of France for life, Bernadotte, Jourdan, and La Chevardieré were in opposition, and each of them undertook to raise seven hundred determined men to march to St. Cloud, and to arrest the First Consul. This project failed. La Chevardieré was for four-and-twenty hours in prison, and released, because, as Secretary General of Police at Paris, he was supported by a large body of inhabitants, and the Minister of Police Fouchet. These circumstantial details account for the continued hatred of Buonaparte against his opponents in the sanguinary scheme of destruction and conquest. It is a notorious fact, that Marshal Bernadotte never was a favourite with the chief Ruler of France, and

his election as Crown Prince of Sweden was more effected by reputation among the Swedes, than by Buonaparte; when it was determined, after the decease of the late elected Crown Prince, the Prince of Holstein Augustenburgh, that a French General should become successor to the Crown of Sweden, Baron Lagerbielne, the Swedish Minister at Paris, declared that Marshal Bernadotte would be the most acceptable.

The humane conduct of the Crown Prince when commanding the French army in Lower Saxony, deserved universal applause. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge did not lose the smallest thing out of his palace when Bernadotte lived in it, but the *soi disante* Queen of Westphalia took a great liking to the furniture and plate, and removed some waggon loads of His Royal Highness's property into France, at her husband's late disappearance from Westphalia. A field is now opened for the German nobility, compelled to fight under French banners, to bring over the troops and brigades they command, and this plan may be executed with vigour, to give General Wallmoden an adequate command for offensive operations.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS, OR THE PIGS

THE wish, long nearest to the heart,
Of Mr. Nappy Buonaparte,
Was this—(observe he's half a fool)—
O'er all the Continent to rule;
But time, 'tis said, makes ninnies wise,
As of blind pups he opes the eyes.

Now time on Nappy's head, we know,
Has shed a little Russian snow,
And he no longer has to learn,
That Fortune's tide at last may turn.
Plung'd by ambition in a war,
No cause at first existed for,
Host after host to fight he calls,
Host after host defeated falls;
Till drain'd the country of its strength,
Its population fails at length,
And the few peasants who remain
Must know a double share of pain.
They, after labouring all day hard,
At night are forc'd the coast to guard;
Their toil, poor wretches! never done,
Compell'd a mournful round to run,
From gun to plough, from plough to gun.
Glory for these has little charms,
Who pass the night upon their arms.
But some perhaps will peevish say,
To watch all night, to toil all day,
Is what no mortal man can do;
And so my tale must be untrue.
Not so;—though Nature, 'tis confess'd,
Will still assert her claim to rest.
But, be it known, the untaught clowns,
Call'd guards, in Gallia's seaport towns,
Are all undisciplin'd and raw,
Not the best guards the world e'er saw;
For often, while they line the coast,
They take a snooze upon their post;
As Brittany will long bewail,
While unborn millions read this tale.

Assist me now, ye tuneful Nine,
Lend me a moment strains divine,
That what I sing in song sublime,
May live beyond the end of time;
And, blest above the rhyming throng,
Escape the common fate of song;
Soar over each trunk-maker's head,
E'en though the envious paste be spread;
And rising thus, admir'd on high,
All paltry pastry-cooks defy;
Scorn with a butterman to stay,
Drive bold tobacconists away;
Make even cruel Chloe spare
My pages while she curls her hair,
In danger only from her eyes
Of falling a *burnt sacrifice*;
Read often, never read enough,
Nor doom'd to guard a lady's muff,
Nor light a pipe, nor wrap up snuff.
Such, blest celestials! fair as great,
Such is my prayer, be such my fate.

'Twas night, and o'er the vasty deep
The howling winds were heard to sweep.
On the foe's beach, devoid of sense,
Slept the bold guards for its defence;
And, dancing on the gale, their snore
Was heard some furlongs from the shore.
'Twas then some tars from Albion's land
Advanc'd in silence to the strand;
Disabled quickly each redoubt,
And then again to sea put out:
But first six sleepers, who were by,
Enjoying sweet tranquillity,

Unwilling their repose to break,
Still slumb'ring, they on shipboard take.
The morning op'd their eyes at five,
Scarce could they think themselves alive;
When told they need not rise till seven,
It seem'd they'd died and got to Heaven;
And when they saw a piece of meat,
Which they themselves were free to eat,
At once doubt vanish'd in a trice,
They knew themselves in Paradise.
Bliss, sublunary bliss! how soon
Thou fly'st from all beneath the moon!
A passing fire thy radiant gleam,
Gilds but one moment Being's dream.
The happiest man can only say,
"I revel'd in the meteor's ray."
This our poor Frenchmen, to their woe,
Were taught in one short day to know;
For fresh provisions falling short,
Inspir'd the sailors for the sport,
That great would be their last night's work,
Could they their captives 'change for pork;
And this they vow'd with all their might
They'd try to do that very night.
Midnight arriv'd, and soon on shore,
The sailors ventur'd as before;
All flew alarm'd as they drew near;
No one had courage to appear;
And some roar, trembling while they run,
The English land with Wellington.
Griev'd that unheard was their intent,
Our tars a boatswain's mate now sent,
Who, entering the town alone,
Thus made his awful mission known:

"People of Brittany, I come
With whistle's sound, not beat of drum,
To tell you, d—n your wigs!
That the six lubbers we have ta'en
You presently may have again
For three good-looking pigs."
He paus'd, and all assembled there
Pack'd off directly to the mayor,
Call'd him instanter out of bed,
And told him what the herald said.
"*Je ne sçai pas* what's right," he drawl'd,
The prisoners' wives and mothers bawl'd,
"To give the pigs at once, no doubt,
So quickly turn the grunters out."
"I shall incur then," answer'd he,
"A dread responsibility,
Who shall gainsay the mayor bold?
But all that I can do, I will—
Good ladies, pray a while be still,
A council we will hold."
He said, nor did he more reflect,
But orders gave to that effect.
Assembled soon the grave divan,
When thus the mayor debate began:
"Messieurs, we're in a pretty mess,
Three pigs, the English ask, no less,
For six men they have got.
The Emp'ror, very well we know,
A single pig would not lose so,
Though ten men went to pot."
Here Monsieur Maigre rose, "'Tis true,
Napoleon no such thing would do,
Nor us to do it bid;

But since the women make this row,
I don't see we can help it now;
The bus'ness can't be hid."
" Why, that's confess'd; but then reflect
From Boney what we must expect,"
Cried *Monsieur Gronder*—loud:
" There'll be a pretty piece of work,
If thus we throw away our pork
To gratify the crowd."
" Throw it away!" *La Raison* cried;
" Such words I cannot choose but chide;
Throw it away indeed!
What! do you reckon Frenchmen dogs,
That ye should dare refuse three hogs,
When six men may be freed?"
To order call'd, La Raison way
Now gave to sage *La Modéré:*
" My worthy friends," he cried, " we all
Have reason much to fear,
If ever out it should so fall
Napoleon this might hear.
For ten long years we all must know,
And bear it well in mind,
Thousands of pris'ners with the foe
His pleasure has confin'd;
England has offer'd to exchange,
He never would consent;
If we act otherwise 'tis strange
But we shall all repent.
Great Boney is so great a man,
He well can our best interests scan,
Born Frenchmen's hearts to glad.
If you should tell him that you thought
Two men with one pig cheaply bought,
By *Gar!* he'd think you mad."

Long the debate with fury rag'd,
And wordy war was doubtful wag'd;
Indeed, to common sense,
'Twas clear there must be much revolv'd,
Ere thus to give could be resolv'd
A ransom so immense.
Dread of the people out of doors,
Their conduct serv'd to fix;
One blushing sow and two young boars
Were giv'n for Frenchmen six:
While the poor devils, thus restor'd,
Envied the grunters sent on board.

VITTORIA.

THE DEATH OF CADOGAN.

"Thy wounds are deep, thy blood flows fast,
This awful hour may be thy last,
These honour'd gashes claim relief,
Hence let me bear thee, noble chief;
Thy cheek is pale—a while retire,
Nor vainly brave this fatal fire."

"Soldier! Oh yet a moment stay,
Nor tear this shatter'd frame away;
Let it be mine (it is my pray'r)
To view the toils I cannot share:
Then help me to ascend that hill,
There I may mark the battle still.

" Enough! now join thy troop.—Content,
Here shall my span of life be spent;
By Heaven the fight's already won!
The foe gives way! Ah, bravely done!
His only hope is in retreat:
Thy glory, Wellington, 's complete!

" My eyes grow dim, my pulse beats faint;
I sink:—but hence each weak complaint;
For happy he who can but say
He LIV'D on such a glorious day:
Then how supremely blest am I,
In Victory's ecstasy TO DIE!"

T. G.

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE FRED. COOKE, *Esq. late of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden*; *by* WILLIAM DUNLAP, *Esq. Composed principally from the* personal *Knowledge of the Author, and from the Manuscript Journals left by Mr. Cooke. Comprising* original *Anecdotes of his Theatrical Contemporaries, his Opinions on various Dramatic Writings, &c.—2 vols. 8vo. Price 21s. Published by H. Colburn, British and Foreign Public Library, Conduit Street.*

SUCH is the copious title-page of this meagre work, which will neverthelesss be as generally read as many of those productions of sterling value, which, under the auspices of this spirited publisher, have lately been submitted to the literary world. But it is not our present purpose to speak of his Baron de Grim, or his Virtuous Madame—Stael. The Yankey imposition, under the title of the Memoirs of Mr. Cooke, is alone sufficient for an undeviating notice.

Who the author is nobody has taken the trouble to inquire—his work is not calculated to excite any curiosity on that head. By his own unsolicited account, however, we learn that, first, his name is Dunlap, and that he is one third a theatrical speculator, one third a player, and one third a miniature painter. From the possession of which qualifications, combined and amalgamated into an author, we had of course to expect a little swindling, a little buffoonery, and a little *colouring*. Add to these, the purest American democratic politics; the finest American feelings of selfishness and egotism; the common run of American literary acquirements and mental illumination, and you have William Dunlap, Esq. his pretensions to set himself forth as the biographer of a person with whom he got acquainted about *two years* before he died—and the work is worthy of the writer. For information, it is nearly equal to what any scene-shifter of Covent Garden could have produced. For the *morale* (as Buonaparte says of armies), it is as common-place as can be imagined. Of critical observation it is as barren as is possible. Of senseless, ill-selected, ill-told, absurd, and book-making matter, as full as any two honest-looking octavos that ever presented themselves for our observation. And yet they are entertaining withal; for who could tell any thing of the wretched subject of this crude essay, without having to record facts of uncommon interest, and of uncommon instruction? The majority of the population of Britain knew Cooke from their own observation, and from newspaper report, better than he is here painted; and few men, at all acquainted with the stage, but could have supplied a mass of information respecting him in a superlative degree superior in interest and amusement to the flimsy sketches of this Transatlantic Scribbler, who

has sent into the world two volumes of the history of a man of whom he knew nothing.—This history we now proceed to examine and analyse.

The first chapter contains a most beggarly statement of the birth, parentage, and education, of the hero of the piece, collected from the common periodical publications of the metropolis, and un-enriched by one new fact, though there are hundreds within the reach of any careless book-maker who would take the slightest trouble to collect them. Mr. Dunlap was either inconveniently situated for such inquiries, being at New York instead of London, or else he did not think it worth while for a person of his uncommon talents to stoop to the drudgery of obtaining accurate information upon the subject of his *labours*.—The second chapter is, in point of interest and information, equal to the first. It embraces a little more of Cooke's advance towards years of maturity and the stage; and also a long report of Macklin's law-suit against his riotous opponents at the theatre—a topic brilliantly *novel*, and admirably rare! In the third chapter, we have Cooke's first appearance at Brentford, as a professed actor; and a few of the usual stories attached to the wardrobe, dressing-room, &c. of a strolling company. This was in 1776. In 1778 he made his *debut* in London, as Castalio in the Orphan, without producing any effect. A loose, desultory, and unconnected detail of his performances, for a dozen of years, as an itinerant actor, with blanks of whole years for the imagination of the reader to fill up, follows; and we acquire about as much knowledge of Mr. Cooke, during that important period of life, from 21 to the turn of 30, as any half-penny biography would supply. We have, however, Mr. Dunlap's opinion, that Murphy was "a dull man;" and his Grecian Daughter, "a dull common-place poem;"—and that Reynolds's productions are not comedies, but "trifling

farces, in five acts." A sketch of the history of Mrs. Siddons helps to eke out this chapter and the volume; to which is added, two miserable anecdotes, miserably told, and as ancient as jest-books, but here happily fathered upon Cooke by his excellent historian.—Chapter 4. As the preceding chapter embraces a shadowy outline of the life and abilities of Mrs. Siddons, the present sets out with a similar notice of Mrs. Jordan. Tragedy and comedy come alike, with indescribable grace, from Mr. Dunlap's pen; and his criticisms upon this lady's performances boast of all the originality of the lowest London newspaper. Indeed, it seems to be a rule with our author, to devote a decent number of pages to the veriest commonplace account of every person whom he incidentally crosses in these Memoirs—we believe, though not the newest, yet assuredly the best mode hitherto discovered of extending a sixpenny pamphlet into a guinea book.—Mr. Munden, Mr. S. Kemble, and Mrs. Crouch, severally fill a niche in this chapter, which with very little notice brings the hero of the work down to his first engagement at Dublin. Perhaps we may here extract a favourable specimen of our author's style. Speaking of Mrs. Jordan in 1789, he says,

"She frequently at this period appeared in male attire, and, a compliment to the actress, though none to the woman, she, on such occasions, was altogether *divested* of that *restraint* with which feminine modesty *shackles* the *movements* of most female performers, *when exposed to the unrestricted gaze of a licentious multitude.*"

What the man means by this FINE WRITING Heaven knows; probably the same as when, in the next paragraph (page 42), he asserts that in Tragedy and genteel Comedy Mrs. Siddons and Miss Farren "annihilate" poor Mrs. Jordan.

The next chapter introduces the hero to the Dublin stage in November 1794, he being then 38 years of age, and a provincial performer of seventeen years standing. In Dublin he debases the man into the beast; drinks, quarrels, deserts the stage, enlists as a common soldier, and runs through a period of two years in obscurity, sickness, degradation, and misery; when his discharge is procured, and he again appears on the Manchester boards. Detailing, in few words, a number of Cooke's engagements in the north of England, our American book-maker takes the *opportunity* offered by the incidental mention of The Iron Chest, to treat his readers with a digression, containing his history of its author, George Colman the younger, respecting whom his opinions are as contemptible as his information is common-place. Mr. H. Johnston and Mr. H. Siddons also come in for a brief biography; and Dunlap displays his knowledge, by acquainting us that the former was born in Edinburgh, and that the latter is the son of Mrs. Siddons! Oh! cunning little Isaac! where could he pick up all this intelligence?

In 1796, Cooke married Miss Daniels, an actress at Chester; and in the following year revisited Dublin, where, and at Cork, Limerick, &c. &c. he continued to perform till October 1800, when, on the invitation of Mr. Lewis, he made his first appearance at Covent Garden in Richard. The portion of the Memoirs devoted to the tale of these four years, betrays all the peculiar defects of the compiler's style and manner. Knowing little or nothing of his subject, the space necessary to be filled up towards the construction of a large book, is eked out with trivial notices of actors and authors, whose histories are as familiar to the public as the alphabet.—A few of Cooke's drunken disgraces are recorded with the accompaniment of the most trite remarks which the ethical Monsieur Dun-

lap chooses to call his "moral observations:" and we are moreover indulged with a specimen or two of this "Yankee gentleman's" political tenets. In page 84, for instance, it is set down, "The STRUGGLE of the IRISH to *obtain their freedom*, which commenced the 23d of May, 1798, caused the shutting up of the theatre," &c.—this being the American fashion of words whereby to speak of the horrible and atrocious IRISH REBELLION. Several extracts, from a kind of irregular Journal kept by Cooke, are also to be found in this part of the work. Had these been selected with judgment, they might have been somewhat entertaining; but the natural obliquity of the bookmaker's taste and judgment is as conspicuous in this as in other points; and, while he fills idle sheets with the memoranda of where Cooke breakfasted, dined, walked, eat, drank, or slept, he carefully abstains from any thing like a copious or tiresome record of his opinions upon plays, players, or books, the only matters about which, perhaps, the reader could be interested. In these he is most niggardly; and, while he devotes thirty or forty pages at a time to a continuation and repetition of such extracts as the following—"Arose some time after nine, read a newspaper, breakfasted, and took a long and circuitous walk;—called at several places, and looked over three newspapers;—bought 'The Picture of London;'—returned home, and dined at four, Miss W.... with us;—looked into 'The Picture,' &c.;—supped, and went early to bed;—Preston, in Lancashire, is a handsome town of some size, standing on the river Ribble; it is 216 miles from London, 32 from Manchester, and 33 from Liverpool;"—while, we say, the author treats us to the extent of a full-grown pamphlet with such entertaining and instructing information as this is, he cuts us proportionably short in other *less valued* respects: *ex. gr.* "Mr. Cooke's

remarks on the play of 'The Way to get Married,' are *judicious*; but as they extend to some pages, and the play will soon be forgotten, I shall not transcribe them." —O Mr. Dunlap, Mr. Dunlap, you are a genius for selection!

Cooke's *debut* at Covent Garden is minutely transcribed from the most authentic newspapers of the ensuing day, and Mr. Dunlap's own ideas superadded.—After noticing that Mr. Kemble was a witness to this performance, and of the applause Cooke received, he says, "We may imagine that there was some difference in the feelings with which Cooke and Kemble went home that night."—With this sage remark as a truism we have little to do, but, as the dirty insinuation of a low mind, it deserves our reprehension. Mr. Kemble has shown himself to be as far above petty jealousies as he is removed from the ordinary sphere of candidates for theatrical honours. There is as little justice in the inuendo as there is truth in the assertion of the next page, that Cooke's "triumph in this character was so complete, that, after a struggle, Mr. Kemble resigned it altogether to him. We have no wish to detract from the histrionic merits of Mr. Cooke, who displayed powers in Richard not readily to be forgotten or surpassed; but the admirers, who ranked his representation of the Crook-backed Tyrant, *as a whole*, superior to Mr. Kemble's, were, we believe it will be granted, very few in number, and unweighty in judgment. A miserable attempt at a facetious sketch of Mr. Kemble's life is here lugged in.—Chapter 8th concludes the history of Cooke's first season in London. He played Richard, Shylock, Sir Archy, Iago, Macbeth, the Stranger, and Sir Giles Overreach; and a meagre biography of Mr. Lewis is transcribed out of some monthly magazine to *fill up*.

We have neither space, time, nor inclination, to wade

progressively through the remainder of this long and tedious volume. It dwells upon those exhibitions of inebriety and folly with which Cooke disgusted the audiences of the metropolis; on his faithless adherence to his engagements with the proprietors of the theatre: it copies a long and stale memoir of Macklin and his theatrical dispute; and furnishes some particulars of Cooke's provincial perambulations during the Covent Garden recesses till 1807, when he was lodged for debt in the Donjon Keep of Appleby. By way of vivifying his inherent dulness, our author gives many stories in the form of dialogues, in which, *of course*, truth is sacrificed to invention, reality to imagination. He again speaks disadvantageously of Mr. Kemble, as Cooke's "artful rival;" and the only proof assigned of his art is, the mad and drunken propensities of the former. Cooke's loyalty is sneered at, the British constitution reviled, and the House of Hanover insulted in the true Madison Yankee style (page 269)—but, as we said, we have not room for *minutiæ*, and we shall spare our remarks upon this point, till we come to consider Cooke in the Western World, where he appears in a new and more interesting light.

The three first chapters of the second volume are as insipid as the whole of the first, and more dull from our having struggled through such a preliminary mass of sameness. The hero is released from gaol, plays in Scotland, the north of England, and London; marries Miss Lamb, drinks to excess, and repeatedly disappoints and insults a too indulgent public. The eighty pages, detailing these events, are stuffed with the usual quantum of irrelevant matter, *videlicet*, about three fourths, occupied with a detail and extracts from the play of Caratach, &c. &c.

With the fourth chapter, our author begins to open a little more, and we gradually enter into his views and

meaning. We have a glimmering of his reason for depreciating Mr. Kemble; for bedaubing Mr. Cooke with fulsome panegyric; for censuring those demonstrations of public disapproval, which the shameless licentiousness of that infatuated person drew down upon his degraded head; and for foully insinuating that arts were used to depreciate Cooke in public estimation, while himself relates facts, anecdotes unnumbered of imprudence, folly, and vice, sufficient to have banished a score of first-rate performers from any stage. All this, we now perceive, is a set off against the treachery and delusion by which these "*Yankee Managers*" succeeded in withdrawing poor Cooke from his long-tried friends, his steady, though undeserved patrons, and his honourable engagements, to transport him across the Atlantic, for the benefit of harpies, who fattened on his talents, disregarded, despised, and neglected him the moment he failed to minister to their base cupidity and avaricious thirst of gain. A long history of the O. P. riots ends the chapter.—In the next, Mr. Dunlap displays his ignorance of our periodical literature, by attributing to a writer a satire upon himself, and calling the editor of the Monthly Mirror "dull and ridiculous," because he had not sense to detect the hoax, but published an essay, which Mr. D. does not know—*he wrote himself.*"—Chapter 24 details the trap laid for the *crimping* of Cooke by Mr. Cooper, and the pains taken to keep him drunk till he was got under weigh to be transported to America. The secrecy, cunning, and perseverance, with which this plan was executed, affords a fine example of the American character. Suffice it to say, in spite of this miniature-painter Dunlap's colouring, Cooke was followed from Liverpool, inveigled, watched, confined at a deaf man's, supplied with liquor, or, as Mr. Dunlap has it, "a high-toned course of stimulants;" his

frolics humoured; and, finally, after infinite trouble to the *honest* Mr. Cooper, shipped off for New York, in breach of a written agreement between the poor inebriated wretch and Mr. Harris. This took place, 4th October, 1810. Sickness kept him sober during the voyage, and on the 16th November he was landed at New York. Having thus *honourably* got him to America, we will now see how honourably and hospitably these benefactors treat him, among whom we must reckon Mr. Dunlap, whose acquaintance, commencing at this period, enabled him to acquire *all the* information requisite for Cooke's biographer. On the 21st, he made his first appearance on the American stage in Richard the Third, and played to an immense audience of 2200 people. The social company with which he was indulged previous to his *debut*, and till his third appearance on the 24th, when indisposition, from excess on the preceding night, marred his powers, was now curtailed. The manager, "with a just attention to his own and absent partner's (Mr. Cooper's) *interest*," prevailed on Cooke to reside in his house, where, guarded and restricted like a baby, he soon became (and nowonder) peevish, irascible, humoursome, discontented, and irregular. For a period of about three weeks he endured this bondage; at length, breaking out in rage, he fled from it, but, as he filled the manager's pocket abundantly, his humours were soothed, and his petulance and insolence endured—for what will not an American suffer for the love of lucre! In seventeen nights the receipts were 21,578 dollars—enough to induce the Yankees to submit to any and every species of insult. From New York, Cooke was carried to Boston, where his success was equally great. —He returns to New York, where also his discontentment returns to him, and he continues in a state of constant drunkenness, and fails to be attractive at the theatre.

From New York he proceeds to Philadelphia, in company with his biographer; and the journey affords the latter ample scope for his egotism, of which he enjoys an immoderate share. At Philadelphia, the actor boldly plunged into every sort of eccentricity—got drunk, abused and treated his American friends like beings of an inferior order; but played sixteen nights, and netted 17,360 dollars—a sufficent panacea for all his contumelious usage! He returned to New York, and performed nine nights with Cooper, who had arrived from England, to good houses. He next exhibited at Baltimore. In June, 1811, he married, at New York, a Miss Behn, and spent the summer in excursions with his bride. The winter of this year was passed like the preceding, in performances, &c. at New York, Philadelphia, Boston. In July, 1812, he played at New Providence, and on the 26th September died, aged 57 years and five months. A medical report, illustrative of the vulgarity and want of science of the *doctor* who attended him in his last illness, is subjoined, and, with a few trivial critical remarks from the pen of Mr. Dunlap, concludes this ponderous production.

There is not a retainer of the theatres in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Chester, or *any where*, that could not have furnished a better and more amusing narrative of the life of Cooke, previous to his being crimped and embarked, than this citizen of New Jersey: there is not a student, with his first chalks at the Royal Academy, who would not have prefixed a better likeness of him to his volumes than William Dunlap, Esq. of Amboy.

But we have already transgressed our limits. We have felt the infection of its dulness, while travelling through this stupid work, which, while it gives the most contemptible idea of its author, supplies us with a picture of his country, even more despicable than we had imagined.

The submissive and fawning humility with which they suffered all Cooke's taunts and insults—the patient, toad-eating endurance with which they bore his scorn and his revilings, and his contemptuous treatment, afford the bitterest proof that even an enemy to their national character could give of their subserviency, want of spirit, and hypocrisy, when meanness and deceit tended to the promotion of self-interest. They licked the hand that smote them, with true spaniel-like fidelity, for the same hand dealt to them food and raiment. As a few Transatlantic anecdotes, which are, moreover, the best portion of the book, illustrate these truths, we shall conclude this review with some extracts from the latter moiety of the last volume.

The boisterous behaviour which was frequent with my hero, under certain circumstances, was a great annoyance to those who lodged in the same house with him, and sometimes produced reproof from the sufferers.

One night, at the Exchange Coffee-house, when Mr. Price was out, and Cooke was in the above-mentioned noisy humour, a gentleman, who, in a neighbouring chamber, in vain waited for a cessation of hostilities that he might go to rest, at length came into Cooke's apartment to expostulate with him. Cooke peremptorily ordered him out of his room, and called him scoundrel, and every thing vile he could think of.

The other replied, "Sir, I am not used to such language, and I will not put up with it. Sir, I am a gentleman."

"A gentleman!—You are a gentleman?—Sam!—Sam!—Bring two candles—light them *at both ends*, and show the *Yankee gentleman* down stairs!"

He was advertised for Monday the 11th to play Richard for the last time in New-York, previous to his going to fulfil his engagement in Philadelphia; but, when the evening came, instead of appearing to dress as usual, he sent word that he would not play.

A messenger, I believe his hair-dresser, was sent to know the reason, and inquire if he was sick. He returned for answer, that he was not sick, but he did not choose to play, and he *would not play.*

The Managers of the Philadelphia theatre had, according to a first arrangement, advertised Mr. Cooke to play Richard on Wednesday, March 20th; but on receiving my letter, stating that we should not be in that city until Wednesday, they had apologised, saying, that, in consequence of indisposition, Mr. Cooke could not be ready to play on Wednesday, but that he would appear in Richard on Friday, the 22d. This apology and advertisement he had seen in a Philadelphia paper at Trenton: he now recurred to the subject, and, with great bitterness, exclaimed, "If I am too unwell to play on Wednesday, how do they know that I shall be well enough to play on Friday! I will not play on Friday."

After describing a drunken party, he notices that "a Mr. W. and his companions went off, professing that they were going to prepare for a ball."

"A ball!" exclaimed Cooke, as they bade him good night, and went off, "they reel from the bottle to the ball! If ever I have an opportunity of quizzing these Yankees, I'll remember this. I'll not forget the drunken gentlemen in their dirty boots going to a ball! But it's just like every thing else in the damn'd country."

Mr. Wood, who, was sufficiently under the influence of his own good wine, not to see the uselessness of opposing Cooke, instead of laughing, began seriously to explain.

"But, my dear Sir, they are only going to change their dress before going to a ball."

"Don't talk to *me*, Sir! Pretty fellows for the company of ladies, just from the tavern, the cigar, and the bottle!"

"But, my dear Sir———"

Then Cooke would dash his fist on the table, with the tremendous "Hear me, Sir!" which always produced silence, after a

laugh at the ludicrous impropriety of his peremptory tone and manner.

"They don't know what belongs to gentlemen, and have no idea of the decency and suavity of politeness.—My dear D——, sit down by me—don't leave me again—didn't I throw out my voice this morning—Ah, ha!—haw! Ah, ha!—I astonished the Yankee actors!—I gave it them—I'll show these fellows what acting is!"

Wood. "You frightened some of our young men, Sir, but they are clever lads, I'll assure you."

C——. "Clever are they? I wonder how you are to find it out. But you're all alike!"

W——. "My dear Sir, I have seen you act when you were surrounded by dire dogs."

C.——. "The worst of them, better than the best of you."

W——. "Jack B ——, now, he's a clever lad, but you won't say he's an actor. I love Jack, he's my friend, but he's a dire dog of an actor."

C——. "He's your friend, is he? you take an odd way of showing your friendship. I feel inclined to be severe," turning to one near him, "I'll cut up these Yankee actors, and their wooden god—don't leave me—O, the night I slept at Amboy—I never slept in my life before—poor Billy Lewis is dead—sixty-five—I thought I should have seen him again."

W——. "Ah, Sir, he was an actor!"

C.——. "How do you know, Sir?

W——. "Why, my dear Sir, I have seen him many a time."

C——. "You see him! where should you see him?"

W——. "In England, Sir—in London."

C——. "And what then? What the more would *you* know from having seen him?" and then to another person, and in another tone, "Didn't I throw out my voice this morning? I'll show them what acting is. They talk of their Cooper," raising his voice furiously, "their idol! their wooden god! Compare *me* to Cooper! Have not I stood the trial with John? What is your Cooper compared to Kemble!"

W——. "But, Mr. Cooke, you are supposing a comparison that no one has made—Mr. Cooper is a gentleman and a scholar—"

C——. "A scholar? How do you find that out? His scholarship is deep, it never appears."

W——. "But as to comparison with you, no one thinks of making any—"

C——. "Sir, I have heard it—an actor!—He's no actor—a ranting mouther, that can't read a line!—I appeal to you——"

"Sir, Mr. Cooper is *my* friend——."

He would sometimes exclaim:

"I'm preparing a pamphlet. I am noting down my observations, when men think I am otherwise employed. When I get back to London, I'll blow up your managers, and your theatres, and your actors, and your blasted country! I can hold a pen! I'll scourge your Yankee manners!"

Happily for us, even if Cooke had lived, we were secured from the threatened chastisement, by his increasing indolence.

In one of his refractory paroxysms, Cooke exclaims, with much show of justice and perfect truth,

"Is this the treatment I had a right to expect? Why, I came away, Sir, without preparation—without my stage-clothes—without my books—as if I was running away by stealth from my creditors—like a criminal flying from the laws of his country. Now, Holman will come out after making every preparation; after making a bargain by which he will put that money into his own pocket which I am putting into the pockets of men who treat me as if I was an idiot. They think I am a fool, and that I will receive as a generous gratuity from them a part of what I enrich them with! Sir, I shall have lost money by coming here—and, when I go back, how do I know in what manner I shall be received, or whether I shall be received at all!—To come away without seeing Mr. Harris! My best friend; the man who did every thing for me! The man who pitted me against *them all!* His son too is my friend, notwithstanding that in his anger

he published my letter, fixing the time that I was to play in London—No! no! by ——, I will never play in New-York again! They have got their Cooper there to play for them! He has treated me unlike a gentleman, Sir!—He writes to me. Yes. But when? After his second night has failed, then writes me a fulsome congratulatory letter. They think I am a driveller. He sends me out to this country, never writes a line to me from the time he has shipped me—He comes at length himself, and remains within a hundred miles of me for two or three weeks—never writes to me—takes care that I shall hear of his great first appearance by other hands, and, after he has failed in his second attempt, he writes me a damn'd fulsome letter!"

"That letter I received from New-York—that anonymous letter which I kept from you—I'll show it to you to-morrow morning—that warns me against playing again in New-York—I am to be hissed off for not acting the last night that I was advertised for;—the writer signs himself my friend and countryman—he advises me not to submit to being hissed by an American audience! An American audience! No; not by any audience!—They'll hiss me, because I deserted them! Didn't they desert me first? Didn't they leave me to play night after night to empty benches?—No! I'll never play for them again! He says that Cooper tells the people of New-York that I am engaged to him for three years. Am I?—I'll show him. I'll write such a pamphlet on my return to England—I'll not forget the American theatres—and their managers! No; I'll not forget their managers! I play with Cooper! Send me to America to play under ——. —— and —— should draw an ass-cart together—a fit pair!"

On the evening of the 17th, in playing Horatio in the Fair Penitent, he lost all recollection of the part, and stopped the scene between himself and Mr. Cooper, who played Horatio, by what in theatrical phrase is called a *dead stand*. It was at one of Horatio's finest speeches: "A wretched crew ye are, &c." The prompter, true to his duty, kept repeating, "A wretched

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crew ye are," and at each repeat, louder and more distinct. Cooke looked at him, and cried, " Damn you, Sir, hold your tongue." Cooper put his hat before his face, and prompted him. Cooke began to laugh, and, with such a comic shaking of body, and eccentric turn of the eye, looking at Lothario, that many thought it was Cooper who was at a stand, and a hissing commenced. Cooke saw the mischief he was doing, and immediately stepped forward, and assured the audience that the imperfection was with him, and not Mr. Cooper; that he had not played the part for a long time, and begged their indulgence. Applause followed, and the play went on with a hobbling gait to the end.

A part of the property of the tragedian, which had been seized by the custom-house officers, under the non-importation law, had not been yet released, owing to some delay from necessary form, and this was a constant subject of irritation to him, particularly that they should withhold from him the celebrated cups presented to him by the Liverpool managers: and now his introductory speech among his expecting circle was addressed to one of the gentlemen, with whom he was acquainted, and was an exclamation without any prefatory matter, of " they have stolen my cups!"

The astonishment of such an assembly may be imagined. After making his bows with much circumspection, he seated himself, and very wisely stuck to his chair for the remainder of the evening; and he likewise stuck to his text, and his cups triumphed over every image that could be presented to his imagination.

" Madam, they have stopped my cups. Why did they not stop my swords? No, they let my *swords* pass. But my cups will melt, and they have a greater love for silver than for steel. My swords would be useless with them; but they can melt my cups and turn them to dollars! And my Shakspeare—they had better keep that: they need his instruction, and may improve by him—if they know how to read him."

Here, as in every other city on the continent, the greatest admiration was shown of Mr. Cooke's talents as an actor, and

the strongest desire to pay him every respect as a gentleman. But the same obstacles arose to the fulfilment of this wish, as at every other place he had visited.

In one instance, when a gentleman happened to mention that his family were among the first settlers of Maryland, he asked him if he had carefully preserved the family jewels? And on being questioned as to his meaning, replied, "The chains and hand-cuffs."

The notoriety of his character preserved him from such returns, as such language would have met if coming from other men; and this, perhaps, encouraged him to indulge what he called his propensity to sarcasm.

At a dinner-party, given in honour of him by Mr. ——, he was led, still continuing his libations, to descant on Shakspeare, and the mode of representing his great characters; which he did eloquently, and to the delight of a large company. Suddenly, to the astonishment of them all, he jumped up, and exclaimed,

"Who among you sent me that damn'd anonymous letter?"

"What do you mean, Mr. Cooke?"

"You know what I mean. What have I done to offend you? Have I not treated ye all with more respect than ye deserved? And now to have a charge of so base a nature made against me!"

"What do you complain of, Mr. Cooke?"

"Sir, I am accused of falsehood. I am accused of making false assertions. I have received an anonymous letter containing this line alone, 'Justify your words.' Sir, my words are truth. What have I said, that I cannot justify? I have, perhaps, been too keen upon the character of your country, but truth is the severest satire upon it. I am ready to justify what I have said!"

Mr. ——, seeing his company thrown into confusion, and all harmony broken up, arose and expostulated with his guest, and finally hinted that the anonymous letter was a creation of his heated imagination. Cooke then resumed his seat, and, fixing his eye on his host for some time, exclaimed, "I have marked you, Sir! I have had my eye upon you; it is time that your impertinence should be curbed."

This excessive licentiousness of speech, with the peculiar manner of the speaker, appeared so ludicrous, that the company burst into loud laughter; and Cooke, changing his manner, joined heartily with them, and again resumed his glass.

Some time after, a gentleman told him, that it was reported that Mr. Madison, the President of the United States, purposed to come from Washington to Baltimore, to see him act.

"If he does, I'll be damn'd if I play before him. What! I! George Frederic Cooke! who have acted before the Majesty of Britain, play before your Yankee President! No!—I'll go forward to the audience, and I'll say—Ladies and Gentlemen—"

Here he was interrupted playfully by Mr. W——, who happened to be dressed in black—

"Oh, no, Mr. Cooke, that would not be right in this country; you should say, Friends and fellow-citizens."

Cooke, surveying him contemptuously, cried, "Hold your tongue, you damn'd methodist preacher," and then proceeded—"Ladies and gentlemen, the King of the Yankee Doodles has come to see me act; me, *me*, George Frederic Cooke! who have stood before my royal master George the Third, and received his imperial approbation! And shall I exert myself to play before one of his rebellious subjects, who arrogates kingly state in defiance of his master? No, it is degradation enough to play before rebels; but I'll not go on for the amusement of a King of rebels, the contemptible King of the Yankee Doodles!"

These extracts have grown upon us so much, that we must omit others of benevolence and charity, highly to the honour of Mr. Cooke, and of honest feeling, loyalty, and national character, which, with all his faults, must endear his memory to John Bull, and afford some apology for the traductions of his Yankee historian.

ANECDOTES OF COOKE.

We have been favoured, by an intelligent friend, with the following anecdotes of Cooke.—Mr. Dunlap would have made half a volume of them.

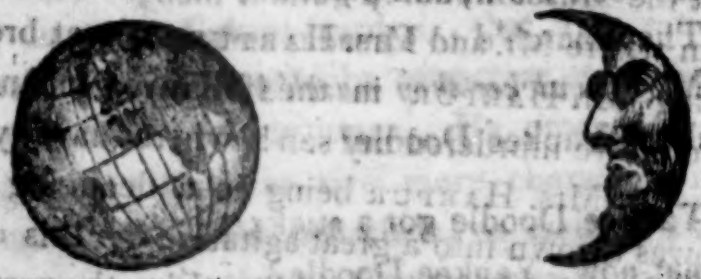
When Cooke first heard that Kemble had purchased a share in Covent-Garden Theatre, and was to be the Stage-Manager, he displayed great uneasiness and consternation.—His first resource was his old friend, or rather enemy, *the bottle.* The tidings reached him in the green-room on the night when he was performing one of his chief characters; but the play had advanced so far, that the *liquid consolation,* which he had plentifully imbibed, had not operated sufficiently to have much effect on his acting, and he went through his part without betraying any unseemly emotions before the audience. As soon, however, as the performance ended, he again resorted to the bottle; and, while he undressed, he sometimes vented complaints of his hard fortune, and sometimes shed tears, speaking in high terms of Kemble, exclaiming, "There is none but him whose acting I do fear." An old acquaintance, who knew him before he went upon the stage, endeavoured to console him, and, observing that the accession of Kemble to that theatre would, perhaps, be more advantageous than injurious to him, as Kemble would, most probably, not attempt to deprive him of any of the characters by which he had acquired renown, but rather bring forward plays in which they might enter into a liberal competition, and both appear with increased lustre before the public. The gentleman assured him, that Kemble had intended to revive *All for Love* at Drury-Lane Theatre, and that he would, pro-

bably, do so at Covent-Garden; that his *Ventidius* and KEMBLE's *Antony* would be attractive, and show their respective talents to advantage. He proceeded to point out *Iago* and *Othello* as two more characters in which their ambition would not clash, as well as *Pierre* and *Jaffier*, and many others. COOKE seemed to be not only consoled but animated by these observations, roused from his dejection, and appeared to augur increased fame to himself, and attraction to the theatre.—It should be observed, that, in order to assist his reasoning, the gentleman deemed it proper to *dilute* him with copious draughts of *spring-water*; and he retired, promising to go home immediately and sleep away the remaining effects of the liquor. In a very short time, however, after he left the theatre, he sunk into dejection, under the idea that he should become secondary when KEMBLE assumed the management; and, flying to his old mode of relief from inquietude, was taken home in a state of senseless ebriety, and kept his bed for three or four days.—His biographer is mistaken in saying that his mother died when he was very young. He had certainly reached his seventeenth year, if not two or three years beyond that period, when she died.—She was very like her son; and, with a long nose and chin, and an antiquated mode of dressing, she strongly excited the idea of *Mother Shipton*. Her mind was somewhat deranged, and the following circumstance actually took place, probably when her son had left her on a theatrical ramble.

The Rev. Mr. HARPUR, one of the officers of the British Museum, a gentleman of learning and most respectable character, was executor to a will in which Mrs. COOKE was left a small legacy. Some technical difficulties prevented Mr. HARPUR from paying this legacy till certain legal forms had passed; and Mrs. COOKE was in-

cessant in her applications to him. One morning she called at the Museum, and passed without ceremony into the room where Mr. and Mrs. HARPUR were at breakfast, addressing Mr. HARPUR in the following manner: "I know you have murdered my son! where have you hid his body?" Mrs. HARPUR being in a declining state of health, was thrown into a great agitation by this extraordinary greeting, but was soon relieved by the presence of mind of her husband, who coolly told Mrs. COOKE that she had not taken the right course in order to obtain justice, informing her that she should have gone before the magistrates at Bow-street, and, when they had heard the dreadful crime, they would immediately send their officers to take him into custody, commit him for trial, and bring him to punishment. Mrs. COOKE said he was right, thanked him for the information, and quietly departed. As a proof of the negligence with which COOKE considered his relations, the gentleman who attempted to console him, as above related, one evening asked him, in the green-room, if he had not a relation who lived in one of the narrow streets on the Bank-side at Lambeth. The gentleman knew exactly the degree of kindred, but wanted to discover whether prosperity had rendered COOKE wholly regardless of family connexions. His answer was, "I should have an uncle there, but I know not what has become of him." It is probable that he never inquired. The relation was his mother's own brother.

THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

AMERICA.

YANKEE Doodle went to war;
Hey! Yankee Doodle!
What did Yankee do it for?
Yankee was a noodle.
Yankee muster'd all his force—
A hundred men, and *fourteen horse*;
But empty was poor Yankee's purse—
Clever Yankee Doodle!

Yankee Doodle got a ship;
Wond'rous Yankee Doodle!
And swore he'd make the Britons skip;—
Here poor Yankee brew'd ill!
Yankee Doodle went to fight
A foe of much inferior might;—
Soon he lost his ship outright!
Oh poor Yankee Doodle!

Yankee Doodle got a gun—
Daring Yankee Doodle!
And vow'd to Canada he'd run
And sow dissensions feudal.

He took his hundred *gallant* men;
They march'd to Canada, and then—
MUCH *quicker they march'd back again!!*
Valiant Yankee Doodle!

Yankee Doodle got a stick;
What now, Yankee Doodle?
And said the Indian dogs he'd lick;
Hoh! massa Yankee Doodle!
Soon *a drove of hogs* he spies;
Yankee pounces on his prize,
And drives his pris'ners to new sties!
Bravo! Yankee Doodle!

Yankee got a pen and ink;
Learned Yankee Doodle!
To show how deeply he could think;
But here his judgment stood ill.
Yankee broke his nightly rest—O!
To make himself a standing jest—O!
By one ill-fated manifesto!
Sorry Yankee Doodle!

What makes Yankee fierce in fight?
Thund'ring Yankee Doodle!
What makes Yankee wit so bright,
Dazzling each poor noodle?
Pork and treacle is his food,
Oil and beer compose his blood,
Hence, *gross* and *coarse*, with little *good*,
We find in Yankee Doodle!

A. D.

A HAPPY EXPEDIENT.

An Irishman once, though intending no harm,
Put a gentleman into some little alarm;
Having knock'd at his door in the dead of the night,
The gentleman sprang from his bed in affright;
Then open'd a window, and popp'd out his head,
And cried, "What d'ye mean there when folks are a-bed?
Pray what is the cause that such knocking should be?
You cannot have business at midnight with me."
"No, truly," says Paddy, "I certainly can't,
'Tis the gentleman over the way that I want,
But the devil a rapper there is on his door,
And I thought it not decent to halloo and roar,
(As I wish to avoid giving any surprise)
So I'm borrowing your knocker to make him arise."

Tam Glen.

On the proposed Electrical Telegraphs.

When a vict'ry we gain
(As we've oft done in Spain),
It is usual to load well with powder,
And discharge 'midst a crowd
All the Park guns so loud,
And the guns of the Tow'r—which are louder.

But the guns of the Tow'r,
And the Park guns, want pow'r
To proclaim as they ought what we pride in;
So when now we succeed,
It is wisely decreed
To announce 't from *the batt'ries of Leyden!*

Tam Glen.

The Manner in which a Mrs. F——, of Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, treats and feeds her Dog.

Breakfast.—A twopenny roll well daubed with *fresh* butter; for he will not eat salt butter.

Dinner.—He has the first cut of fowls, or any thing else the lady may have for her dinner.

Dessert.—Ditto, ditto.

Tea.—A twopenny loaf well *buttered*, and boiled in milk.

Supper.—Bread and meat.

And when he appears sleepy he is put to bed by a servant, and has actually clean sheets once a week.

IMPROMTU,

On the taking of BARON CLOUT, MARSHAL NEY'S *Adjutant-General.*

NEY went into the battle stout,
That courage he might teach;
But very soon he lost his *Clout*,
And then he show'd his *breech*.

CANTO.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *escaped from Russia; shutteth himself up in his Library to compose his Speech to the Senate; and reflecteth; prompted by* DRYDEN, SHAKSPEARE, *and* COWPER.

WHY was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downwards,
To be trod but by Alexander!

Napoleon! wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.
Lie there, thou shadow of an Emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth,
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes.—Emperor!
Why that's the style of victory.—The soldier
Conquering, red with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his generals so; but never more
Shall that sound reach my ear!—
A plague on Alexander and Kutusoff?
Would curses kill as doth the Mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-faced envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in my earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end, like one distracted;
Mine every joint should seem to rise and ban;
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them—poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste,
Their sweetest shade, the deadly Upas tree!
Their sweetest prospects, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as scorpion's stings;
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full,
All the soul terrors of dark-seated hell!
Now by the land that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though shivering on a naked mountain's top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.
Oh winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips; thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrap'd in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne,
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slippery way,
I dar'd thee all, unlovely as thou seemst,
And dreaded as thou art. And thou hast held
My captive host in icy fetters bound;
And well thou may'st, when ev'n thou hold'st the sun
Thy prisoner in the yet undawning east;
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down for the west. But me thou canst not hold;
For I have slipp'd away from thy cold grasp;
Yes, thou hast smote me with thine iron whip,
And driven me howling to the setting sun,
Shorn of my beams, like Beelzebub of old.
The dangers I have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found,
Unlook'd for, and to liberty restor'd.
Fit subjects these to gull the list'ning senate.
As to the army, I can tell the story
That best befits my purpose; they are where
They cannot contradict me with complaints,
Nor with their jarring notes my tale confound.

LETTER FROM THE HOY.

DEAR SAT.

I WRITE to you in great distress—perhaps I shall not have an opportunity of throwing it overboard in a bottle, and trusting it to the postage of the salt-sea waves—perhaps I shall not live to finish it; but it is some relief (oh! that we were relieved altogether) even to write; and, miserable as I am, I fly to any thing for refuge from thinking.—I never think while I am writing.

Being of a bold venturesome Robinson Crusoe kind of a disposition, I said to Mrs. Pigtail, My love, said I, it has been a hard-working money-making year, and I will entreat myself with a voyage to Margate for my health; and, as these seafaring affairs are dangersome, you may go the rather with the family for a fortnight to the country at Islington. Mrs. P. agreed to this, as it was necessary somebody should be at hand to look a bit to the shop, and she knew I was resolute; and our lodger, Mr. Lovegrove, offered to be company in the country—and so it was all arranged, and I embarked on Monday, the 19th, on board the British Queen, Capt. Dreadnought, then lying off the Gun, at Billingsgate Key.

I sat upon the long pole which makes the ship move (they called it a *till*, I think, but 'tis not like a *till*), and, but for a little fear about the voyage, could have been hugeously happy at having left all my cares behind me. I thought I had got rid of *all my plagues*, but, confound the *quarrelling* laws at Malta I say, I have only left trouble to meet death. We sailed with a fine calm wind, and went on so smooth, it was quite a pleasure. Nobody was sea-sick, and only Mr. Gobble land-sick, from having eaten half a goose, and then going on to pigeon pie, without taking a corrector of brandy. Well, Sir, though the wind was very fine, and we sailed very fast, it was dark and dismal night before we came to Gravesend. Now my

terrors came on, and I said to the captain—Captain, said I, for God-sake stop here till day-light, or some mischief will happen. But he, like an obstinate sea-brute as he is, only laughed in my face, and whistled whew-w-w, and damned—better for him he had taken Peter Pigtail's advice.

In about half an hour, a great big ship, sailing at a devil of a rate, though she was fastened by a rope to something in the water, came bump up against us. The passengers cried and prayed them to stop, and our captain swore furiously. However, the ropes kept us off from them, and by and by we got disentangled, when—Lord defend and protect us—we were ordered to bide where we were, because we had broken the *quarrelling* laws.

I was very well pleased with this, and went to bed in high glee; but, when I got up in the morning, and heard the rights of the story, my heart died within me. I thought we were only to stay all night, but here we are to be as long as the devil was in the wilderness—forty long days. The plague too is among us. Every man looks in his fellow's face, to watch the coming on of the yellows—the ladies are all in bed already, completely infected—Never was such a wretched crew. Provisions will be short—horror, horror, on every side. My dear wife and little ones, and Mr. Lovegrove, you enjoy the purling streams of the New River, and Hornsey Wood, and every blessing, while I must die as it were in a foreign land. Oh! Mr. Satirist, I can write no more—my last glass of brandy just swallowed, enables me to put this into its tenement, and *drop* it over for you. If it reaches, let the world know that we are no more—lost—plagued—ruined—

Farewell PETER PIGTAIL,

British Queen,
Gravesend, Wednesday.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HORACE.

OPERA-HOUSE.

THIS concern paid the last payment of the season on the 1st of September; but only an instalment of 70 per cent. of the third quota. The arrears look still on the subscription-money, which was locked up in Chancery by a Co-partner in 1810. However, the heroes of this stage have hardly hope of getting this money, if the Lord Chancellor will not see them paid through the Trustees; and they laugh heartily at the Civil Laws of England, which, as they say, seems to have no authority to make a man pay who chooses to eat the money of his creditors, on the condition of agreeing to walk round the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, or that in the vicinity of Ludgate Hill.

King Tramezzani and Queen Catalani's engagements are at an end with the last season. Tramezzani was very eager to see the close of the season, to fly from a management so inferior to his principles; but the decision of the armistice, and now the renewal of the war, having furnished decent pretexts, he is still in England, and living snug in a country-house. Catalani is engaged in her strolling pursuits about England, as usual; and both seem to wait either for the manager, or for an O. P. assistance from the pit, to re-instate them at their own price. They are certainly favourites, and deservedly so, in the country, but we trust no imposition will be allowed by the subscribers.

The manager expresses a hope to be able to open the house in the middle of December, as new offers of singers and dancers are daily coming from several parts of the continent. The entertainments at Dresden were not of the most enticing kind, and

all the fine-toned, light-heeled gentry, are anxious to get to a country where they may sing without risk of being interrupted by the storming of the city, and dance without having the balls flying about their ears.

With such competition the foreign theatre of London might, under good management, be made the best in the world. We fear that little satisfactory can be expected from the existing state of the concern.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre, having undergone some of the most judicious alterations, and been adorned with a profusion of brilliant and appropriate decorations, opened on Monday, the 6th of September, with "John Bull," and "Killing no Murder." It has been rendered a Temple in every respect worthy of the Muses; national, yet classical in its ornaments; splendid, not showy; rich, not gaudy; convenient, beautiful, elegant, chaste, and grand: we can scarcely imagine a theatre in every respect demanding more the public favour and admiration. The managers have spared no cost; and the approbation with which their efforts have been received, and the crowded houses which they have nightly experienced, will convince them that public spirit and honour will ever meet with public honour and reward.

In "John Bull" the only novelty was a Mr. Porteous, who played once last season, and who now undertook the arduous task of following Johnstone in Brulgruddery. He acquitted himself tolerably well in the play; but, aiming too high, he was hissed in the Epilogue Song, in which, from agitation and want of power, he was most pitiably inefficient. Though far behind his great predecessor in the part, he is certainly the next best Irishman on the stage, not even excepting "fat Tony Rock."

On Tuesday, the 7th, in "The Tempest," a Miss Rennell, known at the Concerts, succeeded Miss Bolton, as Ariel. She is a little pug-nosed, large-eyed wench, and sings sweetly. She was well received, but left us much to regret in the loss of our old favourite, promoted, or going to be promoted, to the peerage,

Novelty being the order of the day at this theatre, on Wednesday, the 8th, Mr. Terry from Edinburgh made his *debut* as Leon in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." With this gentleman our readers are somewhat acquainted, from our remarks upon his performances last season at the Little Theatre, Haymarket. He has long been a decided favourite with the Edinburgh critics, whom to please, to the extent Mr. Terry has done, is no small merit. His Leon is a good character—we have seen it better, and seldom so well. His studies are directed by a well-informed mind; his action and delivery dictated by sound judgment and great taste; his conception of his part almost invariably accurate and just. Where he fails, it is for want of physical powers; and even in his utmost deficiencies he renders it evident that he only falls short of his own idea of perfection in the character. His delineation of Leon was excellent. The pliant subserviency of the half-informed base-minded tool was given in full force. When he assumes his own erect and independent mastery, however, he was not altogether so successful. In some points he languished and appeared feeble, though there were also frequent bursts of energy and spirit to redeem the listlessness and lameness of the less brilliant touches. His reception was flattering, as his deserts are great.

Thursday, the 9th, Miss Mathews, from Bath, appeared as Katherine in "The Exiles." She is very pretty, a pleasing singer, and, without possessing first-rate talents, is a most desirable acquisition to the female beauty and business of the stage.—In the farce of "Rosina," Miss Rennell performed William; as an epicene, she looked the very Prince of Prawns.

Friday, the 10th, a Mrs. Kennedy, from York, made her first attack upon a London audience as Alice in "The Castle Spectre." The pretensions of a *debutante*, who takes such a part, *pour commencer*, must be supposed to be very humble; and, in truth, Mrs. Kennedy's estimation of her own powers did them little injustice. She is infinitely below the standard of Mrs. Davenport and Mrs. Sparks. She was formerly a member of the Covent Garden company, but had left no impression upon the public mind; neither is she now likely to make one.

On Monday, the 13th (for this was a period of nightly novelty), Mrs. M'Gibbon (*ci-devant* Miss Woodfall) appeared in the part of Mrs. Haller, in "The Stranger," and was well received. Her person is small, but graceful and well formed; her face rather of the *nez retrousse* description, but capable of more serious expression than is usually allotted to this cast of countenance; her voice is excellent, clear, articulate, full-toned, and sweet: we have seldom heard from the stage any thing better modulated or more pleasing. Her manner was well fitted to the character, and her deportment, in general, easy. With these requisites for the stage, she made a very considerable progress towards securing the good opinion and favour of the public. Her delivery of the dialogue was marked throughout with great feeling, and, if we may judge by the moistened eyes and display of handkerchiefs in every part of the house, with uncommon effect. Her judgment we saw little reason to impeach on more than one or two occasions. Where she replies to the Countess's interrogation as to her having been married, she gave the passage too slowly, and with too much solemnity: the answer, or rather exclamation, ought to be rapidly given, as bursting from a guilty soul, suddenly awakened to a peculiar consciousness of misery. The scream at the close of the play was by no means attractive; and we would advise Mrs. M. by all means to lay it aside. Her action at this period is beyond praise; the penitent, hopeful, fearing, and loving expression, which she throws into her form, half casting herself in the arms of her forgiving husband, and half precipitating herself in humility at his feet, is equal to any delineation of conflicting feelings in the management of the person that we ever witnessed on the boards of a theatre. The effort was crowned with bursts of applause, and seemed to crown this lady with the certainty of that approbation which her execution of preceding parts of the character had been, in the course of the performances, gradually securing for her. She repeated the part on the Monday following, with increased reputation.

Mr. Young was the Stranger, and looked and played the misanthrope, as he does every thing he undertakes, excellently.

We lament we have so seldom opportunities of seeing him in situations better calculated to afford scope for the display of his abilities.

Aladdin was revived this evening with as great applause as ever. Mrs. H. Johnson assumed Mrs. C. Kemble's breeches, and they fitted very well.

On the Wednesday following, Mr. Terry played Lord Ogleby in "The Clandestine Marriage," but not in a way to secure our entire approbation. Here his voice is exceedingly against him. It wants the sharpness and querulousness of age. Mr. Terry was, however, always gentlemanly, though not invariably old.—On the ensuing Friday, he performed Sir Robert Bramble, in "The Poor Gentleman," and left us nothing to regret of Munden. A Mr. VINING, from the Norwich stage, made his *debut* as Frederick. He appears to be a baby in years, and not much further advanced in merits. His voice is too weak for our large theatres, and too imbecile to admit of giving emphasis to morality or sentiment; and, though his figure is light and easy, he does not possess the *vis comica* requisite for its advantageous employment in parts of vivacity and humour. His reception was favourable, and, in truth, we may observe there is a decided partiality in the public towards this theatre, and a manifest inclination to receive all its exertions with the applause first excited by the *good looks* of the house. It is a main thing with managers to get the public into a kindly humour, and keep them there.

On Thursday last, the serious opera of "Artaxerxes," converted into a two act opera, was produced, and brought forward a Miss Stevens in the arduous character of Mandane. Mr. Walsh and Mr. Lanza contest the merit of being the tutor of this accomplished songstress; and we cannot determine on which side justice inclines her beam. Mr. Walsh appeared to be her immediate chaperon to the stage, and, it is whispered, shortly intends to introduce her into a more serious engagement than even this serious opera—by making her assume the *part of Mrs. Walsh.* But, be this as it may, we will venture to pronounce, that it is long since the crotchet gents have had such an acquisition to the stage

in the way of musical talent. Her success was prodigious, and, when the agitation from appearing before the public diminishes, and she becomes more mistress of herself upon the boards, the town will have cause to congratulate its ears on this accession of superior and delightful talent. Miss S. is of tolerable person, and, with an honest John Bull farmer's-daughter countenance, is by no means deficient in eye. Her acting, like her singing, is natural and unaffected. She was a little at a loss for the business of the stage; but her imperfections are of the most trifling, her excellencies of the most striking, nature.—A few nights' performances will eradicate nearly all the former—while time will only mellow and improve the latter. Her voice is sweet and powerful; her lower notes delicious; and her compass great enough to allow of her giving them all the benefit of contrast with what is called execution. She evinced sufficient skill in the management of that harmony with which nature has gifted her, and restrained herself from indulging to that extent in ornament which is destructive of simplicity.—Upon the whole, she is the most promising *debutante* our experience can recall in the musical world. She was encored in all her songs. Incledon performed Artabanes, and exerted himself much. He received more applause than usual, and deserved it. Poor little Miss Rennell was almost smothered in the velvet trappings of Artaxerxes. Sinclair in Arbaces was same, tame, and unimpressive.

DRURY LANE,

Having been brushed up, opened on Saturday, the 11th, with the Schoool for Scandal, and the Review.

Mr. Gattie, who appeared at the Lyceum, was the only novelty at this theatre. He did Moses. The next performances were the Rivals, and Children in the Wood, with no alterations—Rule a Wife and Have a Wife, and of Age To-morrow, no change; in the former Mr. Gattie Hans Molkens, in the latter Mr. Elliston played Leon indifferently, Mrs. Glover Estifania admirably —John Bull, with the Three and the Deuce, no variety—The

Jealous Wife, and no Song no Supper, no variety—Much Ado about Nothing, and Matrimony, no variety—As You Like it, and the Weathercock, no variety—These were all played to thin houses.

On Saturday last, a Mr. Hughes attempted Jacques in the Honey Moon, and made nothing of it. He is a little actor, with a face somewhat resembling a weazel. To the ferocious eyes of this creature, he adds the inflation of cheek which is indicative of asthma; and these two qualifications he seems to consider as irresistible—the quintessence of the comique. As we, however, do not accord with this sentiment, we take the liberty of dissenting from the opinion entertained of himself by Mr. Hughes. In despite of his fierce look, and malgre his puffing out his visage, we do hold and set it down that he is a very indifferent performer.

On Monday, the greatest of all the Kembles (Stephen) appeared in Falstaff, a character in which he is well known to the London play-goers. His delineation of the fat Knight is one of the best extant, and, for a man of such intolerable entrails, he certainly acquits himself excellently well. An occasional drawling, the family fault, marred the effect of some passages, but others were given with uncommon force and humour. The subject offers little new for remark to us; but, as we were much entertained by the following critical observations of a Morning Paper, we insert them, in the hope they will equally amuse our readers.

"Some critics may contend, that Mr. Kemble is prudent in avoiding the base and half-checked utterance which all his predecessors in the part were in the habit of affecting; but it is certain, that by speaking in his own natural key, the tone did not harmonise with the apparent magnitude of the organ. It was not deep enough for the hollow of the pipe. Wherever the human form swells by indulgence to the size of a *Falstaff*, it tallows on the wind-pipe as well as the kidnies; and the voice betrays the difficulty which it has in its passage from the chest. In Mr. Kemble, not only was the voice, but the whole body, nimble and alert. The words came trippingly from the tongue; and, instead of his person having the repose which seemed necessary to its

weight, it had all the elasticity and all the sprightliness of slender youth. We looked in vain for that habit of indolence which debauchery and relaxation are sure to bring upon the person, and which disposes the fat man to avoid all possible exertion. Instead of the jolly and bloated Knight, rolling his head, and merely turning his full eye to give expression to a joke, we had him wheeling round, or moving about with the quickest and most unappropriate gesticulation. In *Falstaff*, every movement ought to be round and easy—there should be no sharpness—no jerking—no unnecessary action."

Who would have thought that Stephen Kemble's deficiences in the imitation of the qualities of *fatness* should thus have been brought by critical sagacity against him?

THE LYCEUM

Closed, on Tuesday the 14th, with the Boarding House, the Bee Hive, and Don Juan. The season has, we believe, been tolerably successful. One or two good performers have been brought forward, and nothing like so many good pieces. The most remarkable of the affairs in which the Lyceum has been engaged, is the contest with the Pantheon, upon the merits of which question it is no easy matter to decide. The perseverance of the latter is worthy of a good cause, the conduct of the former suitable to a bad one; but we are far from being able to determine which is right, or which is wrong. That the Pantheon was naturally viewed with a jealous eye by the managers of the Lyceum cannot be doubted—that they were ready to do all that the law allowed them to suppress it, would speak an utter ignorance of mankind to question—that they did all they could to bring the offending theatre *to justice* is sufficiently obvious. What we condemn in them, therefore, was the affected squeamishness which shrunk from open prosecution and *informing*, and employed a Mr. Mash, in the Lord Chamberlain's office, as the ostensible person in all the manifold assaults upon the property in Oxford Street. This was not ingenuous—and concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feeds on the damask cheek of manly honesty, till we cannot help

thinking those who have recourse to so mean a course worse, perhaps, than they in reality are.

The Theatre closed with the following Address, delivered by Mr. Raymond.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"The attempt to establish a Theatre, the extensive performances of which were to be Operatical, was considered by many to be a project as bold as it was hazardous. The Proprietor of the English Opera was, however, confident that the public feeling is always alive to meritorious exertion, and, whatever may have been otherwise the result of his labours, he trusts that the praise of an indefatigable endeavour to afford you satisfaction will not be denied to him.

"During five seasons that the English Opera has been fostered by your smiles, the Proprietor has had the proud satisfaction of observing, that unwearied attempts to provide a constant succession of novelties, whether in performers or performances, has been rewarded by you with liberal and gratifying applause; and by a gradually increasing, and still enlarging patronage.

"During the present very short season, which the late closing, and early opening of the Winter Theatres has allowed, a season of only eight weeks, the proprietor trusts, Ladies and Gentlemen, that the production of a new Opera, a new Musical Farce, a new Ballet, and the revival of an old Opera, which has had the good fortune to be highly popular, and of an old Musical Entertainment, may at least be urged, on the score of industry, as some claim to your approbation.

"In the name of the Proprietor, Ladies and Gentlemen, and on my own part, and that of the Performers, I beg to offer you the warmest thanks for the kindness with which the exertions of this season have been received, and, in the joint names of all, I respectfully bid you farewell."

Stew Dead but tis the force of a.
Bonery fatality



omparative Anatomy or Bone-ys new Conscripts f

OCTOBER 5th 1813



s filling up the Skeletons of the Old Regiments

G. Cruikshank fec.d